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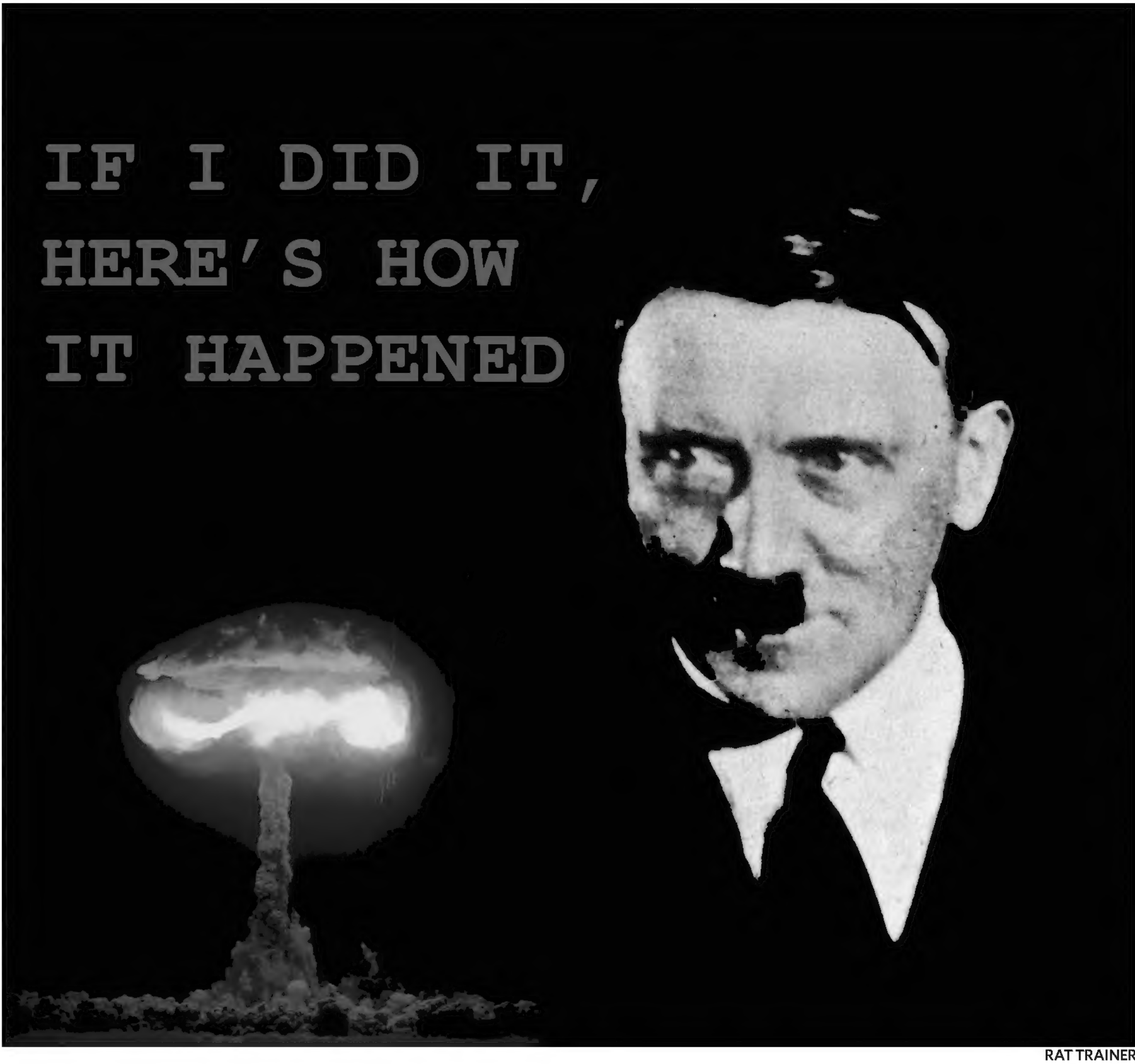
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HOURS of OPERATION



RAT TRAINER

CHITTY CHITTY BANG BANG OMG Hitler has come back from the dead? To write a book? Is he the next Tupac?

Hitler writes book from grave

Book Review: If I Did It, Here's How It Happened
Written by Adolf Hitler
With help from Random Quotes from the New York Times Top 10 Book List for 2006
Published by Warsaw University Press
On sale now

MEL GIBSON
I don't hate Jesus. Really.

If I Did It, This is How It Happened is a searing memoir that revisits Adolf Hitler's rough-and-tumble Austrian boyhood, cracking open a fascinating, blasted world miles away from the newspaper headlines, and snaking ingeniously toward a revelation capped by a clever "final exam."

A WWI vet who began his tour as "a cocksure country boy" but returns as a "wild and haunted" man unfit for family life, Hitler softens his extremes of philandering, alcoholism and violence by mixing in memories and spellbinding versions of war stories.

The book, which unfolds over six years, is filled with incidents, some of them violent, but as ever, the drama is rooted in the interior world of its authentically life-sized hero as he relates long hours on the highways and back roads of Poland and France. Hitler also tells of his expansive stock of defeats while registering the erosions of a

brilliantly evoked landscape.

In addition to his own story, Hitler gracefully weaves the tale of three friends who volunteered for the harrowing duty of scouring Polish ghettos in search of an elusive and deadly enemy.

"He especially loved to inflict pain upon women. He would slash away at their flesh with a whip or a belt until it turned scarlet and bled. The sight of the blood and the sound of the women's anguished screaming made his cock harden. It excited him so much that it was almost better than sex."

DRACO MALFOY

Chronicling the efforts of a handful of German intelligence officers alert to the approaching danger but frustrated, time and again, in their efforts

to stop it, the voluble first-person narrator, enamored in his own precocity, speaks grandly to the insecurities of us all. He builds his heart-stopping narrative through the patient and meticulous accumulation of details and vivid portraits of Nazi leaders.

Most striking are the parallels he subtly draws with the present, particularly in his account of how he rejected diplomatic overtures toward the British, successful though they'd been, and instead pursued a "dehumanizing" policy of violent aggression that led to the needless bloodshed. It's beautiful, but at the same time, it's long, crude and manic. There's definitely cheap cyanide on this book's breath.

Hitler artfully navigates within anxieties to create a heartfelt romance between two ambitious interlopers, teeming with malignant energy, whose arrival on the scene propels the action forward. In this aspect, Hitler is the perfect tour guide: his prose is incisive and alive, and pointed without being tendentious.

Falling behind in the contest for public rewards and losing the struggle for personal contentment, Hitler copes with a strange turn in his marriage. Caught between worlds, and mired in his own prejudices and thwarted desires, Hitler just may be an antihero for our times.



Gonorrhea
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www.you'regoingtohell.com

DIARRHOEA SNITCH
T&A Contagion

Want to take a shot in the mouth that'll burn going down? Your best bet would be to reach for the straight vodka, because gonorrhea sorely disappoints. What sucks most about gonorrhea is that many people have no symptoms, so they can't even properly enjoy it when they do have it. If you do encounter this VD, though please don't spread it around like a bad internet virus to all your friends. Leave the wrapper on, and spare us all the pain. Or lack thereof.

Kermit the Frog once sang that "it's not easy being green." Unfortunately, Kermit the Frog wasn't able to do for gonorrhea what Puff the Magic Dragon did for pot. For a frog that

spent as much time as he did with someone's hand up his ass, Kermit certainly did a horrible job of sharing the green stuff. True, he did once give warts to someone that kissed him, but that's really all he was able to do for the VD community.

Gonorrhea does have one advantage, and that's its cool name. The name, euphonious as it is, will roll off your tongue smoother than a hot cock in a windstorm.

If you only get one VD this year, don't make it gonorrhea. This VD won't have any lasting power; it's easily treated with antibiotics, so it'll just end up being another pathetic one-hit wonder.



YIN YANG POO

CUTS LIKE A KNIFE But do those scissors cut as well as that nipple would? Holy fiddlesticks, Batman! JIZZZZZZZZZZ!

Stupidio Theatre angry, sad

ASHY ASHY BO BASHY
All-powerful T&A queen

After receiving criticism from the local media regarding its tendency to cast overacting thespians, the Rod Fraser University Drama Department's Stupidio Theatre arranged a protest on the front steps of the Grimm's Centre. The participants were seen baring genitals while frantically waving blunt scissors, all in an attempt to prove their point.

"I don't fucking believe this!" screamed BFA student Hans Fieldman, his eyes wide and blood-shot, resembling those of a schizophrenic pedophile. "I try tho hard. I try tho fucking hard. It's because I'm gay, isn't it? Everyone hath something against gay actors, and the way we lithp when we're not in character. Well guesth what? We're all fucking flamboyant! Everyone of uth!"

William Shatner, director of last year's critically acclaimed *My Starship is Your Enterprise*, was deeply puzzled by this turn of events. His production won the Sterling award for

The Best Production for Seniors to Fall Asleep to While Receiving a Generous Discount.

"If I were a shitty band, I wouldn't want to be constrained by any musical genre. But because we're not shitty, we like being, uh, defined. Like as post-metal. Or something. Fuck, I'm stoned."

SOME STUPID-ASS BAND GUY WHO THINKS HE'S SUAVE

And while much criticism stemmed from the sexually explicit nature of the performance—namely from Shatner's cameo montage, which involved him prancing around in a technicolour coat while rubbing his nipples suggestively—the criticism of

overacting wasn't far behind. "Whatever, I don't give an orbiting fuck. I have too much money and sex appeal to care," Shatner says, sipping his eggnog latté. "To be honest, I did the production [of *My Starship is Your Enterprise*] so I could shoot up with the cast and propose a gang bang. But don't print that, because it'll ruin my credibility."

According to Shaved Cherry, local media guru and hater of everything classy, the media community's remarks are totally legit.

"If there's no penis in it, then there's no satisfaction," Cherry says self-indulgently, rubbing his hands in a circular motion.

"I need cock. I also need hand lotion, and to get a haircut," says Cherry as he licks his silky fingers and smooths out his eyebrows.

With all of the debate surrounding the degree to which a University production should be criticized, Roberta McNeil, stage hand for the Walterdick Theatre, says Stupidio Theatre should just "shut the fuck up and be happy [they] even get press."



Syphilis
The Frenchman's Disease
Medical Records
www.cdc.gov/std/Syphilis/STDFact-Syphilis.htm
<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Syphilis>

FILLED WITH DREAD
Disease free—hopefully

The insanely popular Syphilis has had a long and storied career. Starting out as a rather minor local phenomenon in North America, Syphilis was discovered by Columbus and convinced to partake on a European tour shortly thereafter, beginning in Naples. In Europe, Syphilis' popularity quickly spread due to European audiences embracing this exotic new culture that they had been sorely lacking. With Europeans going crazy for Syphilis, its popularity has spread worldwide and has even broken out in its native North America, whose inhabitants had previously been more resistant to their homegrown talent, preferring the British invasion led by such notables as the now defunct smallpox and the ever popular TB. Considering how long Syphilis has

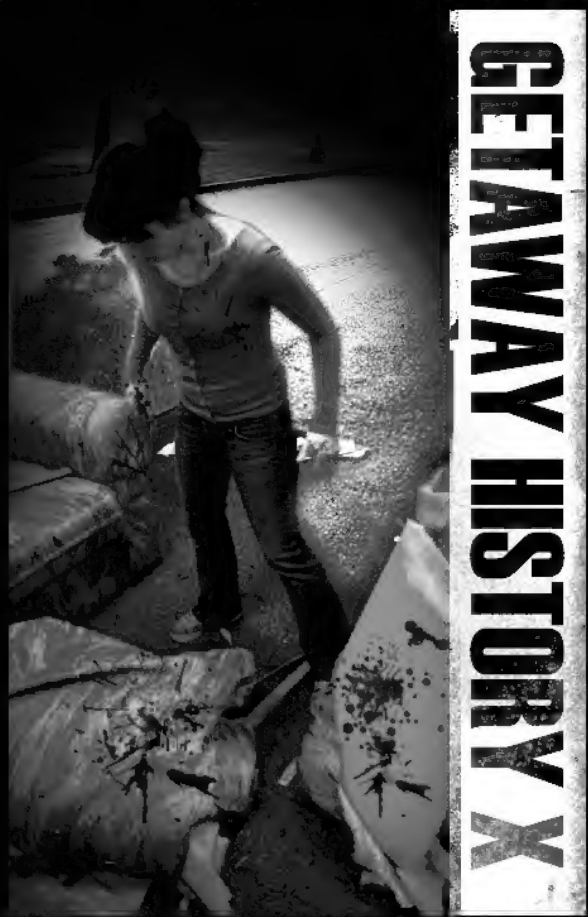
been touring, it comes as no surprise that many current fans were first introduced to it in the womb. And while Syphilis is slowly losing popularity with the ladies, it continues to be popular among males and is increasingly being embraced by the gay scene. Even in conservative Alberta there's been a rapid increase in popularity.

While Syphilis has traditionally caused mercurially tempered French nobility to wig out, many will find this latest treatment much more appealing. This latest release displays Syphilis' continually evolving influences; in this case a more rash, raw feel likely a result of its recent tours with up and comers HIV.

I give Syphilis three stars, and a healthy dose of penicillin.

free stuff!

Some furniture must be retired



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december **featured**
STUDENT GROUP

UoFA
Scuba Appreciation Club

www.ualberta.ca/~scuba
E-mail: scuba@ualberta.ca
Office: SUB 0-40R



Year Established: March 2006
Membership: 106

Purpose of the Group:

The University of Alberta Scuba Appreciation Club caters to the needs of students in the pursuit of scuba diving. We strive to offer an underwater experience among friends that is enriching, rewarding, and affordable.

We conduct monthly pool sessions to introduce new divers to the art of scuba diving. Our past events include a weekend dive trip to BC, and an underwater pumpkin carving contest. We also participated in the Sylvan Lake Clean-up in an effort to promote ecological awareness and conservation. Aside from all the dive trips, we've also had many social events and dive presentations. Numerous dive trips are being planned for New Years 2006, Reading Week 2007, and across summer.

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Contact the Chair of the Faculty of Science Award for Excellent Teaching
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Dr. Brenda Leskiw, Associate Dean
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CW223 Biological Sciences Building

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Jackass becomes resident

Steve-O instates himself as University of ____ Jackass-in-Residence. Say wha?

AMEN FULL OF WRATH
T&A Holy Trinity

In order to season and broaden the minds of the few competent English students on campus, a Jackass-in-Residence will be welcomed by the spread-eagle legs of annoying literary theory know-it-alls and stuck-up professors.

“It was one thing when he was nailed in the anus with a jai alai ball,” says Frederick Skuulbum, graduating with a BA in English Literature next semester. “That was an interesting exercise in postmodernism. But when he stapled his testicle to his thigh, new ground was undeniably being treaded upon. I know I’ll be inspired, and that I’ll end up finding a job doing something English-based.”

Imagine Skuulbum’s surprise, though, when the Jackass-in-Residence this year was announced to be none other than Steve-O, icon of self-destruction and scatology; to XXX, this was his one chance to compare notes and maybe make a connection with the man that inspired his writing career as a teenager.

“When Steve-O’s nipple was gnawed off by that alligator, it was like that scene from *Almost Famous* when the kid is staring into the candle,” XXX recalls. “Only, I was staring into the bleeding nipple of a balding nigh-albino. The moment has come to define my life, really; from that point on, there was no turning back.”

Steve-O’s term on campus will require him to give workshops to eager graduate classes, even if they consist of unnecessary screaming and yelling. Or ejaculating onto the soft fur of kittens.

“Hopefully, we’ll see some scrotum and some blood,” says Professor Macintosh. “The rumour is that he’s going to do the testicle-stapling act, and show us how a true master would really do it. Only, apparently, he’s going to use a nail this time.



WHY WHY YOU

SUCK IT UP, PRINCESSES If I stick my cock in your mouth, you blow. Okay?

We’re all really excited.”

In fact, Professor Macintosh has admitted to honing his craft in time for the Jackass’ arrival, mainly so he can one-up those fucking Film Studies hipsters.

“I used to only drink a bag of urine, oh, once every four days,” Macintosh confesses. “Now, I’ve got myself to the point where I’m almost developing a case of gout. I’ve also been experimenting with other stream-of-consciousness feats, like biting down on metal files and pulling them out of my mouth so my teeth become little stubs. I’ve been pushing other boundaries in the name of theatre too, like using a catheter to fill your bladder with tequila and pissing it all out in the mouths of your friends. My

colleagues are really impressed.”

But like a true artist really coming into his craft, Film Studies student Rak Alak Alak is humble, yet confident, that his surprise left-field attack on the delicate fingers of unsuspecting English students will disable them for life and win the respect of Steve-O. From his perspective, English students need their fingers to smoke, drink and auto-fellate because they’re too frigid to find a mate.

“I think Steve-O’s really going to be impressed by my Drano-snorting capabilities as well,” Alak Alak confides. “It’s just going to be really tough to be in the shadow of such a genius. My whole class shares my sensibility; we’re all just beyond nervous, really.”



RUB A DUB DUB

HERMIONE SPEAKS OUT: Harry’s hand was resting on my breasts and there was still a slimy puddle of after-sex on my belly. I ran my fingers through Harry’s messy raven hair and I kissed his forehead, just to the left of his lightning-bolt scar. His hair smelled of apples. He stirred and lifted his head.



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HOURS of OPERATION

Offensive Editor can't skate, gets beat up by girls

P-OW BLOWIN'
Cocksucker Extrordinaire

A charity ringette game between the University of Old Bertha's Ringette Club and a celebrity team of local media members turned nasty Friday night, as the celebrities clutched, grabbed and cheated their way to forcing an 11-11 tie. An understandably upset ringette team exacted revenge after the game ended, curb-stomping former Oiler Dave Hunter, insulting TEAM 1260's Bob Stauffer until he cried, and sending Getaway Offensive Editor Sadam Beaumont home in a stretcher.

"Who knew that he'd be such a pussy?" UOB forward Lichelle Mennox said of the local writer who thinks too much of himself. "Sadam Beaumont? More like Madam Beaumont. I've seen eight-year-olds skate better."

Beaumont attracted the ire of the UOB girls after he turned the puck over on a breakaway, fell down dramatically and punched Skilled Meters in the head repeatedly. While it wasn't as disgraceful as the actions of Stauffer and Hunter, Beaumont took the brunt of the attack because he's less physically intimidating, according to Mennox.

"Have you seen Stauffer? I was afraid he'd sit on me," Mennox explained. "And Dave Hunter's only strategy seemed to be to out-fat everyone on the ice. Everytime he appears in one of these games, it looks like he's added 15 pounds from the last time. Frankly, Gaumont looked like the only one we could take."

Overshadowed by the LAPD-on-Rodney-King-style beat-down he received was Beaumont's decent play in his inaugural ringette game. The



DYKE AUTOEROTICA

DONKEY PUNCH, BITCH! Beaumont lays the lumber, and by lumber I mean his fist, into UOB player Skilled Meters. The cheap shot instigated a 15-minute brawl.

speedy winger was a constant threat in the offensive zone—or he would have been had he been able to stab a pass from his linemates without falling. He also set up a goal from The Stauff that counted as five because the media team was able to string together three consecutive passes, proving once again that ringette's

rules make little sense to everyone who isn't a ringette player.

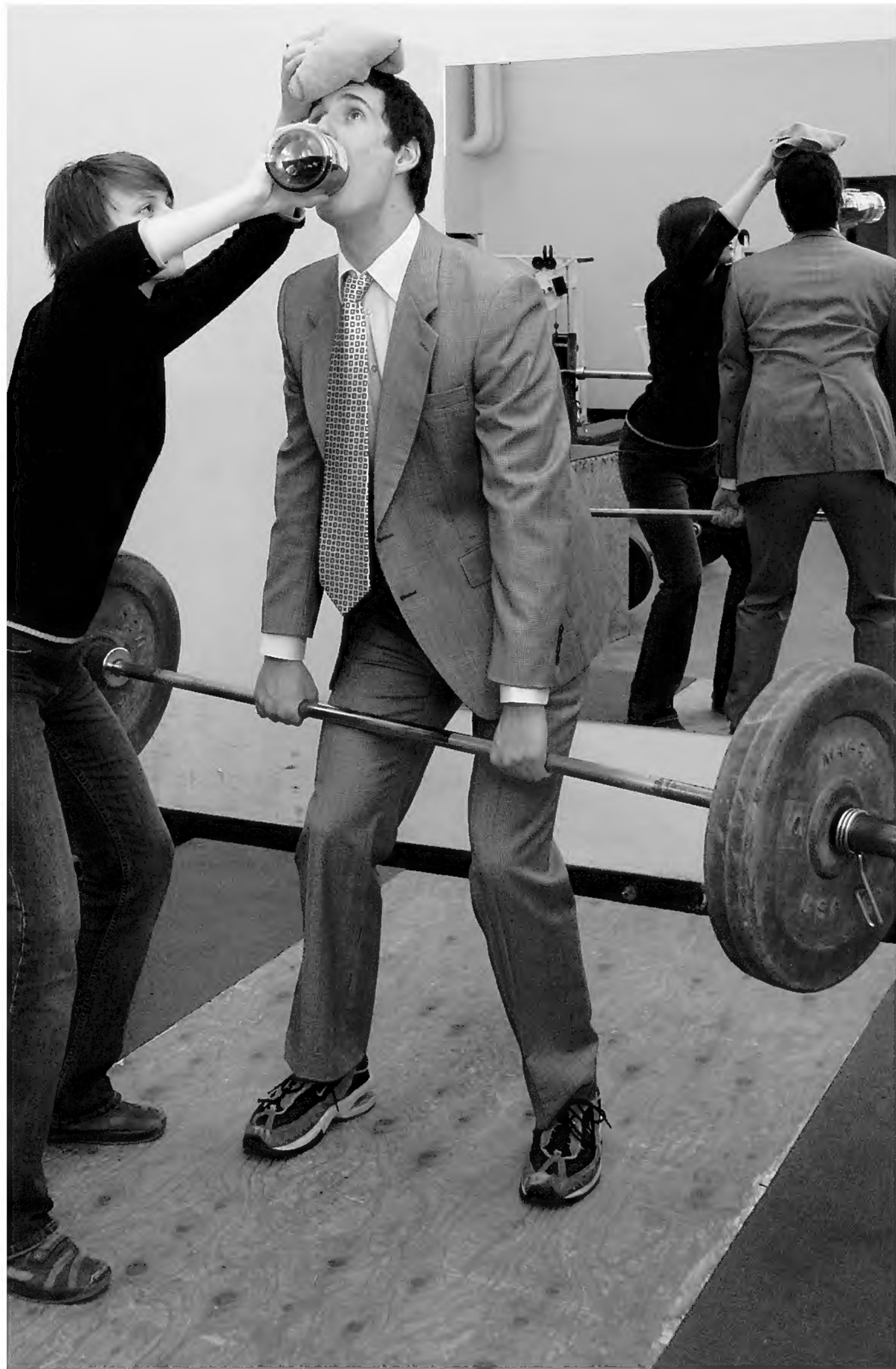
"Yeah, I played pretty well. Coach kept putting me on a line with Christy Chorley and Bob Stauffer and they stifled my creativity," Beaumont noted. "As for the beatings, Mennox needs to grow a pair and take it like a man. Besides, [the real ringette players]

were just pissed off because ringette isn't a real sport."

The game raised \$482 for the Cross Cancer institute, but some were concerned that the real issues were being overlooked.

"Look, it's terrific that we're raising money for cancer research and stuff, but the real problems at this

university continue to be ignored," argued Stupid Union's Vice-President (Grapes and Gripes) Suave Combover. "Tuition is still waaaaay too high, and I don't see anyone raising money for that? Cancer has the Terry Fox Run; this was a university event and it should have been addressing university problems."



TWIN#1

NOW THAT'S TEAM WORK "Harvard" bizletes Locked Vault and Jizz Turdin' labour in the combined beer-swig event. The duo placed third out of ten teams.

'Harvard' team drinks way to hospital at Western Bizznizz Games

That's where kangaroos go when they get sick! Cause they hop, get it? Hopital?

RANDREW HEISFREE
P-Ow's Bitch

After a week of drunken competition at the Western Biznizz Games in Lake Louise, a group of University of "Harvard" business students are returning home with some flashy new hardware.

"It's the most bling I've ever seen in my faculty," Skool of Capitalism dean Takeen Monét said.

The annual event marked the introduction of a series of new events that are designed to allow competitors showcase a wide range of skills—such as beer guzzling, bare-assed jogging, balcony jumping, weed smoking and hooking up with girls that have low self-esteem helped the Edmontonians make the top of the podium, much to the delight of coach Les Lentinal.

"You know, we had a great bunch of guys this year," Lentinal said. "Getting a bunch of the Dekes to transfer into business definitely helped strengthen the O-line, too. Those guys totally cleaned up in the womanizing events."

The "Harvard" team closed the competition strongly after a rocky start by winning eight of the final ten events, mostly because their opponents were

all too inebriated to continue. A second round incident saw star balcony-jumper Chris Stevens lose his footing and inadvertently crush his testicles on a railing.

"The only thing that keeps this organization from being recognized as one of the finest in baseball is wins and losses at the major-league level."

CHUCK LAMAR,
FORMER TB DEVIL RAYS GM

"That was a big setback for us," team captain James Mackders said. "Stevey was totally set to take that event and then he winds up in the hospital with an empty scrotum. It just goes to show that anything can happen on any given day."

But even without Stevens, "Harvard" stormed ahead of the other schools by showing a blatant disregard for personal safety, the rights of women and the fact that liver cirrhosis is the leader

cause of death among business students in Western Canada.

The local squad's title hopes were buoyed during the Streaking Through the Lobby event when an unidentified student slipped and landed in a shallow fountain, drowning as a group of his intoxicated peers continued at a full, floppy speed past him.

"It's not pretty seeing a naked dude face down in three inches of water," UBC business grad Russel McKinnon commented with his own genitals still exposed and an open beer in each hand. "We kept trying to figure out which team he belonged to, but no matter how many times we asked him, he never answered."

The Games were cut short after only two more events, both of which "Harvard" won handily, after the RCMP showed up and shut them down.

"Some loser school called in the fuzz, and it just harshed everyone's buzz," Mackders explained.

"It's really disappointing to see one guy ruin such a nice event for everyone else," Monét added. "To go out and die like that was just inconsiderate for the rest of the competitors, and we were totally going to kick ass in the Blindfolded Body-Shot competition—that's our marquee event."

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- It's a trap!
- I hear there's rumors on teh internets
- Every time you masturbate, God kills a kitten
- HAR! HAR! I'M DRINKIGN ALL TEH VODAK!!!!!!1!!oneLOL



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PHOTO SHOPPING: KRUSTYAND KINDASTICKY

YOUR VACANT EXPRESSION MAKES ME WET A subpar figure skating routine was detrimental to the Golden Bears.

Footballers worse than Regina, don't understand backgammon



REM "THE GEM"
WUSSAKOWSKI

Sports
Commentary

After a dysfunctional season that saw them come up limp when they needed a big finish, the Golden Bears footballers managed to miss out on post-season play for the first time in four years.

To say this is a monumental and disappointing failure for the program and head cliché giver Hairy Kneesin would be an understatement. The program hasn't actually won a conference title for so long that the rest of the Bears and Pandas have disowned them like a one-night-stand love child.

However, since football is a team game, it would be unfair to pin the entire downfall of the season on the pair of quarterbacks who had some well-documented struggles this year.

There are still 65 other players on the roster, and a lot of blame for this football Holocaust of a year to go around, so it's best to get going.

On the offensive side of the ball, wide receiver Kendoll Jizzkey and his inability to put his pants on one leg at a time must shoulder some of the guilt. As must running back Today Spazzy, who is quick but nowhere near the speed of sound, let alone the speed of light. Also destructive on offensive drives was Timmay Heaterson and his inane love of *Faulty Towers*, the entire offensive lines' inability to rap and Mag Châtelaine and his allergy to shellfish. Puke Lavoratory's addiction to *World of Warcraft* and offensive coordinator Berry Chrysler's stamp collection were also costly. All of these people need to go and look themselves in the mirror and make the necessary changes if the Bears are to have a hope next season.

At least the problems with players on the offence are fixable, but there's no quick fix available for the defence. Not only is Rot Stovetopson not a

punter, but he also can't fly; Knave Cowardly can't catch a bullet with his teeth nor can Catching Bass perform a world-class figure skating routine. Add the fact that Kneel Fellatiovatsky's tap dancing skills are sub par, James Jason has two first names and Tremor Moremen voted for Joe Volpe for Liberal leader, and you can understand that the next few years are going to be rebuilding ones for this defensive team. I mean, how can the Bears hope to stop the run when their entire defensive line's favourite movie is *Sleepless in Seattle*?

I've been watching this team for four years, and it's not only the 67 players and their sub-par abilities and interests that contributed to a season that played out worse than a Stephen Baldwin movie. If Kneesin had prepared his team to give clichés as quickly and as readily as he does they might have had a hope. Alas, the Bears just weren't quick on the uptake, so they'll have a long off-season to learn how to fly—I'm looking at you Stovetopson.

INANE
PERSONAL
RAMBLINGS OF
THE SPORTS
EDITOR

Compiled by Sparrow Row

Eskimos

Since the Eskimos failed to make the play-offs this year, Sports Editor Paul Owen has become, if possible, even more of a whiny bitch. This is actually a pretty surprising development; we honestly didn't think he could get any more unpleasant to be around. If only he would shut the

fuck up already. Especially about the Winnipeg Jets, who haven't even played a game in a decade, and when they did play were downright lousy, with a capital SUCK. Get a life.

Oilers

With Ryan Smyth, Marc-Andre Bergeron, Ales Hemsky, and Ethan Moreau all on the disabled list, the fate of the Oilers looks even uglier than Paul Owen. We wish that he had been kidnapped instead of Frank the softosaurus, who we miss very much. But no one would ever want to take Owen—even if he did ever shut the fuck up already—because no one likes him enough to pay the ransom.

Fantasy hockey

Paul won't shut the fuck up already

about how he's winning the hockey pool (apparently, being fifth out of 18 is winning) trying to avoid the fact that he can't play real sports to save his life. He goes on about the good old days, before his "bad knee" or "weak ankles" or whatever injury he's faking this week prevented him from making it in the big leagues, but being good at baseball when you're eight is really not that impressive. And says he plays basketball, but I really can't picture him being able to haul his fat ass across a court without getting winded.

Panties

Um, I think this is the part that I'm supposed to talk about underwear, but I'm not really comfortable with the whole campus knowing that I'm wearing a black thong today. Frankly, it's just none of your business.



KRUSTYAND KINDASTICKY

OMG BRAIN MATTER Ego took one too many chances and it cost him.

DIDN'T MAKE THE CUT

GUNS AND HOCKEY DON'T MIX

Tragedy struck at Clare Drake Arena Saturday night with the death of Golden Bear hockey star Huge Ego. During a game against Lethbridge in which the score was tied at two, Ego was skating backwards attempting to break up a two-on-one when a gunshot was heard and Ego crumpled to the ice.

"I've been saying all season that we've been playing Russian roulette on the ice, and it's finally come back to haunt us," [symbol] head coach Jerk Thirstin' said of the most bizarre sports incident involving a gun since Billy Cole's firearm-aided touchdown in 1991. "We've always been our own worst enemies, and today we saw the dark side of that. It's a sad day for the Golden Bear tradition; none of us wanted to see that."

The game, which was immediately stopped, was awarded to the Golden Bears by Canada West conference officials after it was deemed that they "would have won anyways."

"It's probably true," Pronghorns head coach Greg Gatto added.

by POW!

THUMB BREAK MAKES OILER SMART

In an accident that has been hailed as the hockey version of Hiroshima by Edmontonians, Ryan Smyth was rendered linguistically eloquent by a freak thumb break in Saturday's game.

"Hark! What ails me, knave?" Smyth inquired from the hospital outpatient room. "That malodorous fiend Klesla doth driven me into a state of madness, leaving me unwitt'd with not five digits, but four. Tho distraught be Smythe, mine instincts behoove me to rally my brethren's spirits around Baron Craig, son of Tavish and weather the violent tempests of the Earl of Carolina on Wed'n."

"Um, it's great that Smyth is speaking



JIZZ TURDIN

WHAT THE FUCK!?! Barr (Alberta) will be sitting out the next few games after crashing his teammate's game.

above a fourth grade level now, but we wish he would be playing hockey and not writing sonnets about his hot wife," Oilers head coach Craig MacTavish said.

Quoted Smyth: "While mine hand doth sporting spoil, I shall return within a fortnight to mine place atop the patron saints of Oil."

by Ronn Kantkatch

BARR SUSPENDED FOR COCKBLOCK

More bad news hit the Golden Bears hockey team as rising star Richard Barr, the team's starting goaltender, was suspended due to a massive cock block that occurred late Saturday night at RATT.

Canada West president Guy Playfair handed down the suspension, describing the act as "more of a cock amputation than a simple cock block."

The play in question occurred late in happy hour. Barr's teammate Justin Syder was feeding a nubile blonde drinks and looking to take her home when Barr stumbled up in a drunken stupor and said something that caused the young

woman to leave the bar in a huff. While what exactly was said is in dispute, most sides agree that Barr told the girl, among other things that Syder, "Just wants to fuck you."

"I was just about to close the deal with this gorgeous blonde when that douche staggers up," Syder said. "She ran off, and the bastard just staggers to the bathroom. I was totally going to score!"

Despite his suspension, Barr stands by his actions.

"She wasn't going anywhere with him," Barr explained. "There was plenty of other ass in the room that night; I was really just doing him a favour."

Bears head coach Jerk Thirstin' explained that the team is short men with the suspension.

"We're really banged up right now, with Jim Crybaby and Cryin' Temple's leg injuries—and of course Huge Ego's gunshot wound to the head—and losing Barr is just another thing we'll have to play through," Thirstin' said, also noting that Syder is day-to-day with hurt feelings,

and may be too sad to play.

by Crawl Jackoff

'SEND THEM ALL BACK TO AFRICA'

Following in the proud tradition of Fuzzy Zoeller and John Rucker, Philadelphia Flyers forwards Michael Richards engaged in a hate-fuelled tirade at a Los Angeles comedy club on 17 November.

The rant came a day after being heckled by a couple of African-American Kings fans during the Flyers 4-3 victory over LA. The two men purportedly made scathing remarks about Philly's laughable record and Richards' goal-scoring drought, causing Richards to respond with racial slurs and comments about how the Kings should've "traded Anson Carter back to Africa in 2004."

A day later, Richards did offer an apology for his comments, stating, "I'm sorry to Anson Carter, who fully belongs in this league. Mike Grier is the one who should be sent back to the 'dark' continent—or at least the minors."

by Dick Crust

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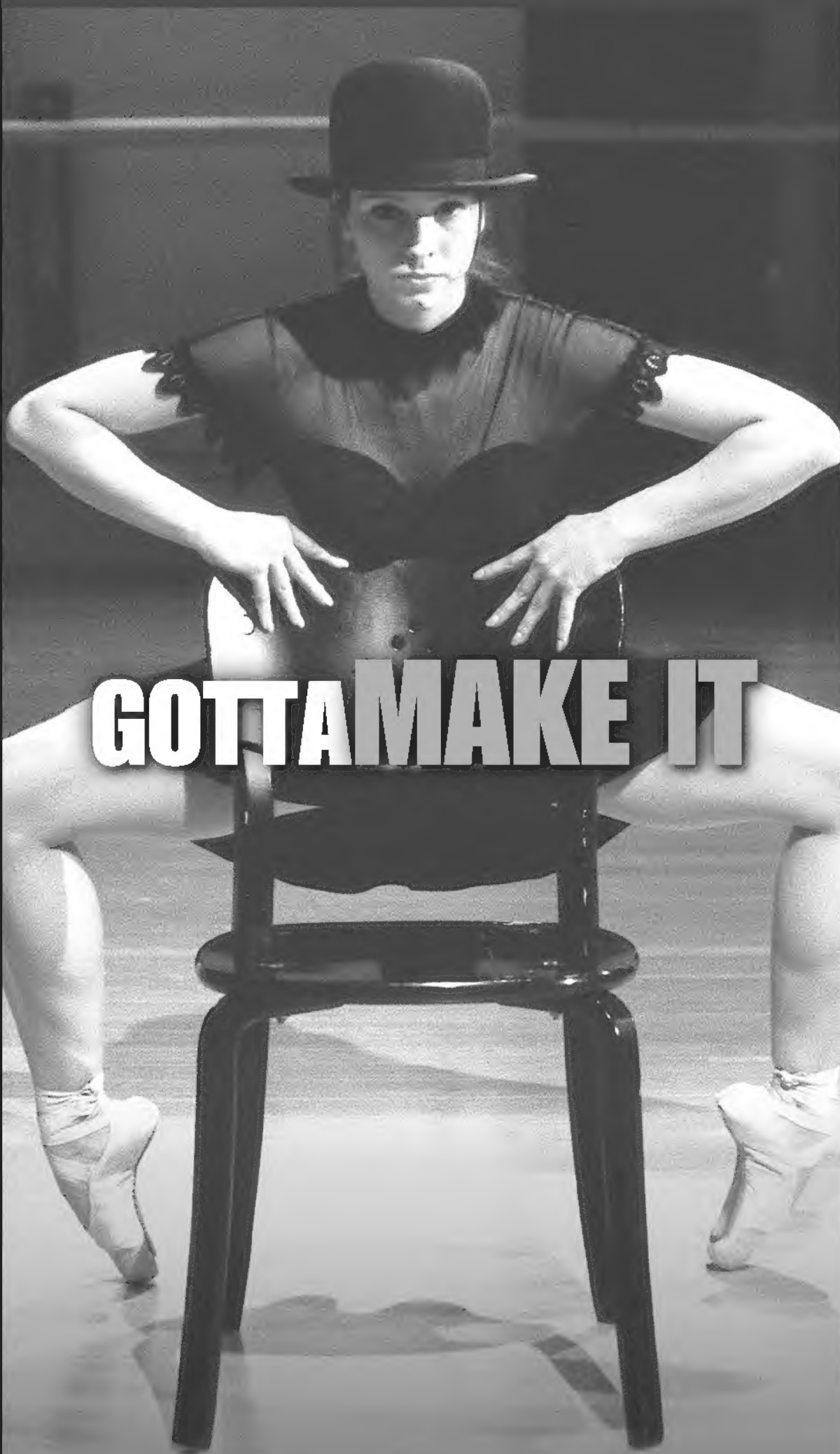
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PICTURES RIPPED OFF THE INTERNET AND PUT TOGETHER: KRUSTY AND KINDASTICKY

I DON'T NEED A FUCKING HELMET Stylin' as always, Bonaparte is looking to take the CFL by storm—like he took Italy.

Napoleon and the Argonauts

French mover/shaker inked by Toronto in attempt to win land war in Russia

SPARROW ROW
Inadequate

Hoping to replicate the attendance boost that suspended NFL player Ricky Williams brought to their team, the Toronto Argonauts have signed similarly exiled French player Napoleon “the Corsican” Bonaparte.

Bonaparte was cast out of his previous team after a series of crushing defeats against the Russian and English football teams. Nonetheless, Argos officials believe that his career is far from over.

“We know he’s got what it takes for a comeback,” Toronto coach Mike Clemons said. “What we offered was a chance to gather his forces and get ready to take Europe by storm again.”

“Bonaparte has a great attitude for this game; he just can’t rest if the other team controls any part of the field,” Clemons added. “He’s like a little general when he’s out there; he single-handedly led his former team to victory in Europe, sort of like Ron Lancaster did in Saskatchewan, except people cared.”

As a player, Bonaparte is known for his dominant play, strong leadership and aggressive attitude. He began his career during a particularly turbulent period for the French national team, full of brutal firings and conflict over tactics so intense as to seem nearly ideological.

“I’ve been dunked on by [Vitaly] Potapenko and now [Zan] Tabak. The good part is that they don’t make posters of those guys.”

**WALT WILLIAMS,
FORMER HOUSTON ROCKET**

Bonaparte took over leadership on the field, and was soon the major force behind the team’s management as well. Under his direction, French football won games all over Europe and even in North Africa.

The Argos hope that Bonaparte can bring some of that fighting spirit to

the CFL.

“We think that he can win some important battles for us,” Argos running back John Avery said. “He’ll really help us bring the big guns next season.”

Torontonians seem to be excited at seeing the famous Frenchman play, though a planned welcome parade along Wellington Street has been cancelled.

“Hey, he can’t make our team any worse than they already are,” Tom Cheerhard, the Argos’ only season-ticket holder said.

In order to garner even more attention, the Argos have also tendered contract offers to Roman Polanski—who declined over fears that the Canadian government would extradite him and he’d have to face his statutory rape charges—and Salman Rushdie—who declined because he was afraid the Muslims would kill him.

It’s expected that Bonaparte will only play one season here in Canada, after which he hopes to return to France to lead his team in a rematch against the British.

‘Don’t be retarded’: University to athletes

SPARROW ROW
Still Inadequate

In an attempt to keep reporters from making fun of athletes behind their backs, the Rod Fraser University Athletics department has introduced a mandatory interview skills class. Administrators hope that students who pass the class will then be able to comment on their own performance without sounding like “fools.”

“With this new class, our goal is that within two years we’ll be able to read an article where a student-athlete doesn’t refer to their shutout or 30-point game as ‘pretty great,’” athletics director Frail Hula said.

Rod Fraser athletes have become notorious in local media circles for post-game shyness and being tongue-tied in interviews for previews.

“Interviewing them is more difficult than trying to fit an elephant into a phone booth,” said Lame Bait, sports reporter for the *Edmonton Urinal*. “The only people who are worse are the Oilers, the Eskimos and Jamie fucking Sale, and her fucking Crest smile.”

Planned curriculum for the course will include classes dedicated to enunciation and clarity of speech, regulated metaphor use and advanced study of synonyms. Particular emphasis will be put on not saying the same damn

thing over and over again like a parrot with Tourettes.

“Students will learn not to compare non-conference games to actual wars in which people have died; that by definition all any one person can give is 100 per cent; that ‘awesome’ isn’t the only adjective one should use in a 15-minute interview and ‘like, you know’ is not an acceptable way to end a sentence,” Hula explained.

The class’ launch has received a warm reception from sports reporters. They’re holding onto the obviously vain hope that with interesting quotes in their articles, people could one day begin to read their sections—and see them as real journalists.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

The Religious Society of Friends (Quakers) meets Sundays at 10:30am at L'Arche, 7708-83 St., Edmonton. Visitors welcome. Visit <http://www.edmontonquakers.org> for more information.
Red Deer College Study Tours RDC in Kenya 28 April - 27 May, 2007. Principles of Ecology (BIOL 318) OR Indigenous and Cultural Minorities in the Modern World (ANTHRO 327) Maasai Centre, Maasai Mara, Tsavo National Park and Indian Ocean Coast www.rdc.ab.ca/continuingeducation RDC in Honduras 29 April - 13 May Cultural Immersion (INTD

301)Organized by the Faculty of Nursing for those with an interest in cultural and health care issues. www.rdc.ab.ca/continuingeducation
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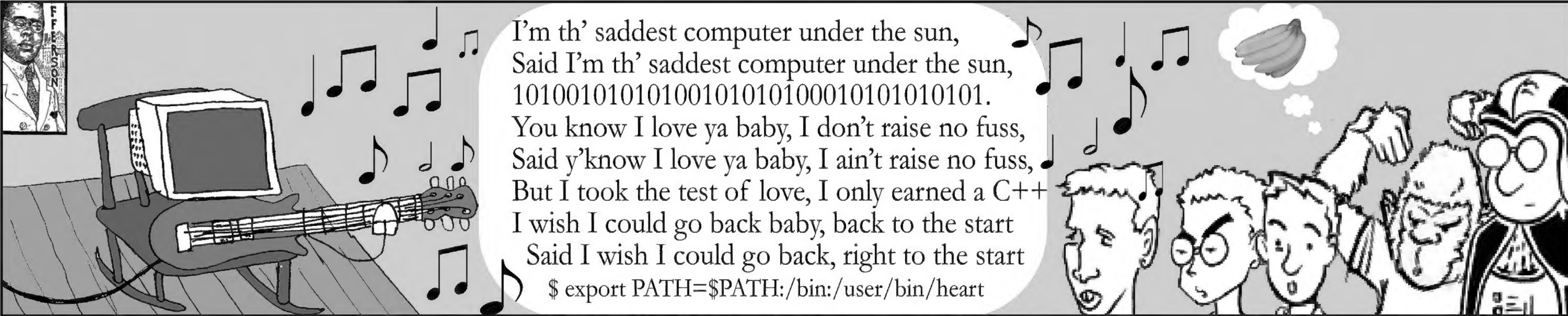
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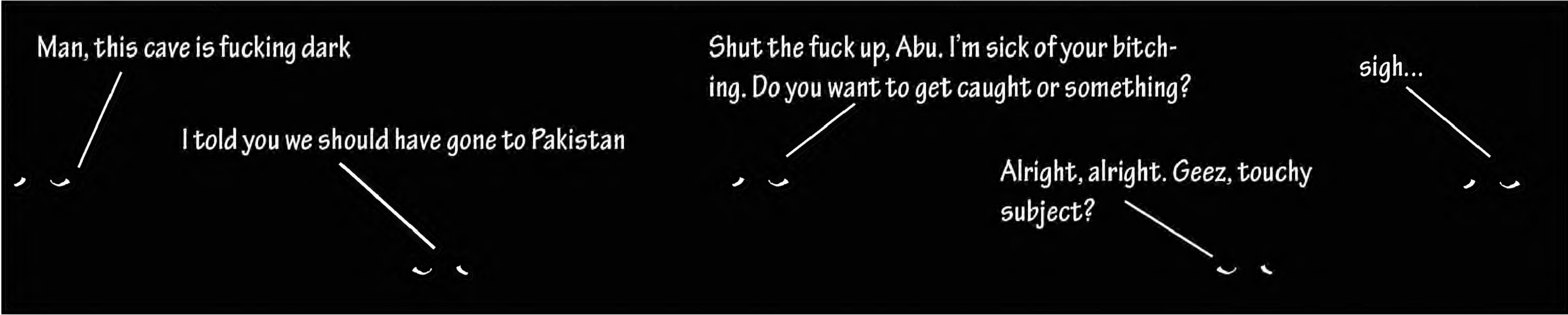
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A DAY IN THE LIFE OF OSAMA BIN LADEN by Madam Beaumont




Magic Eye SOLUTION from page 6



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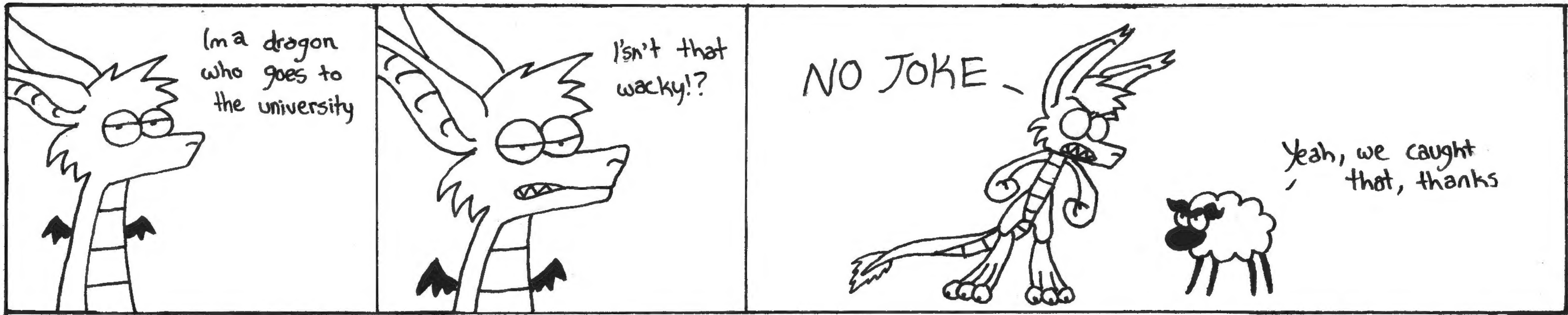
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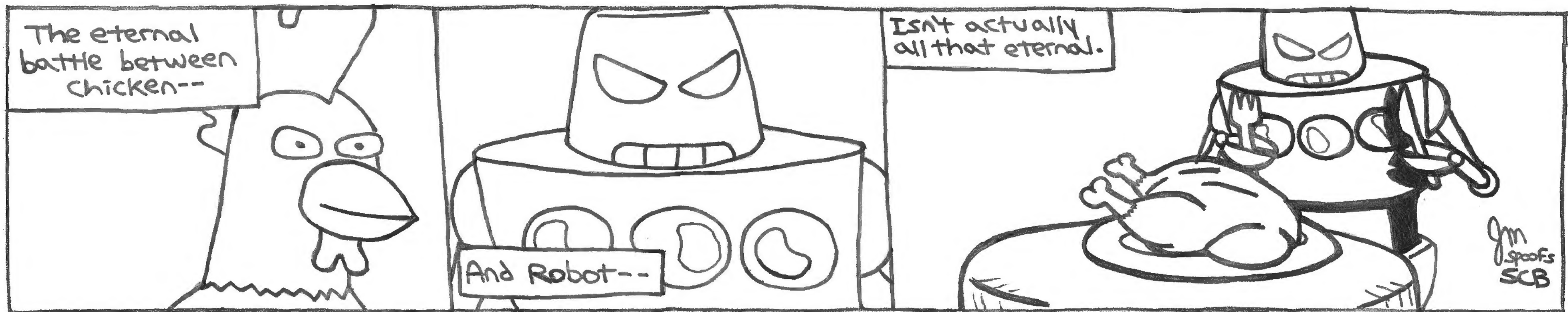
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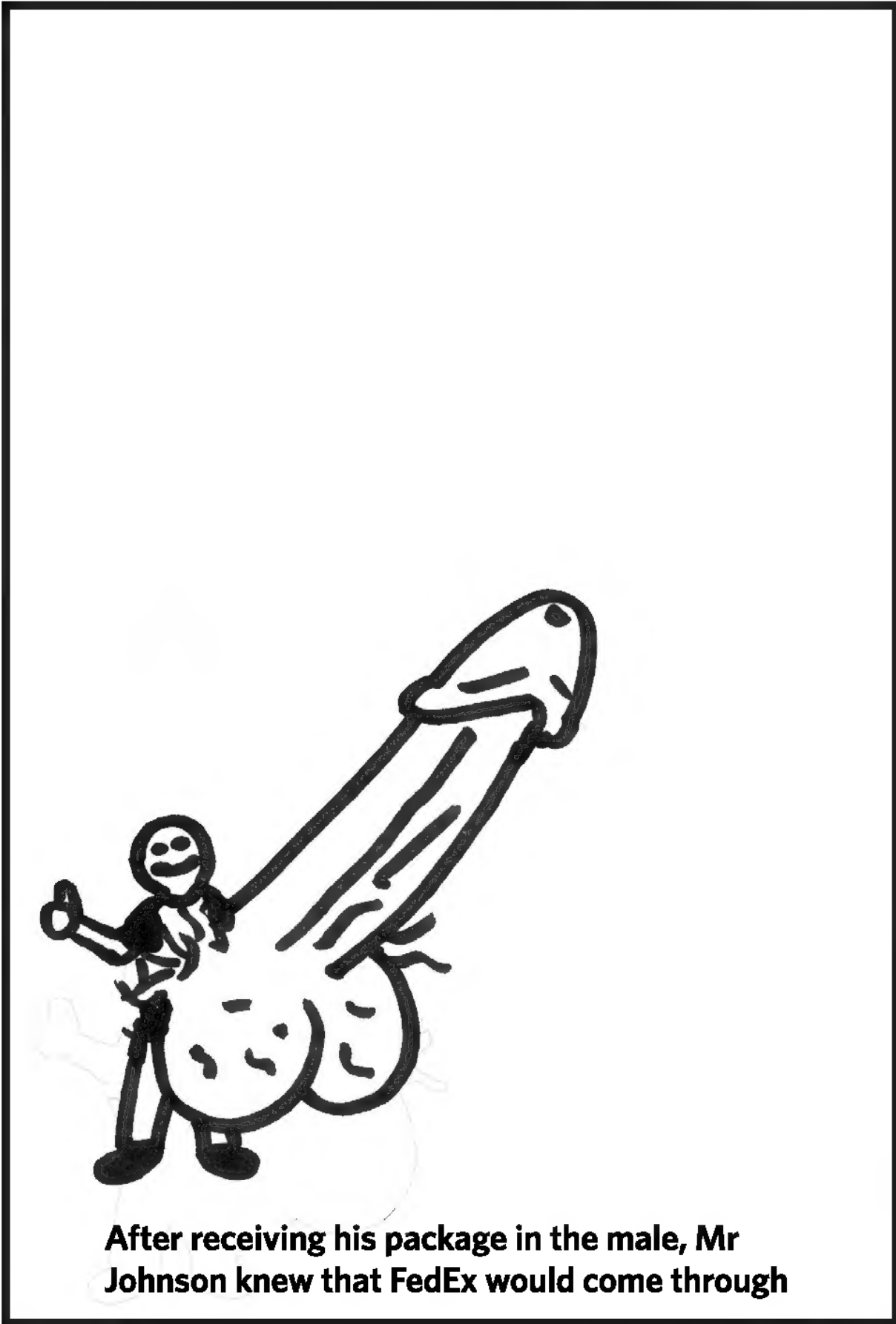
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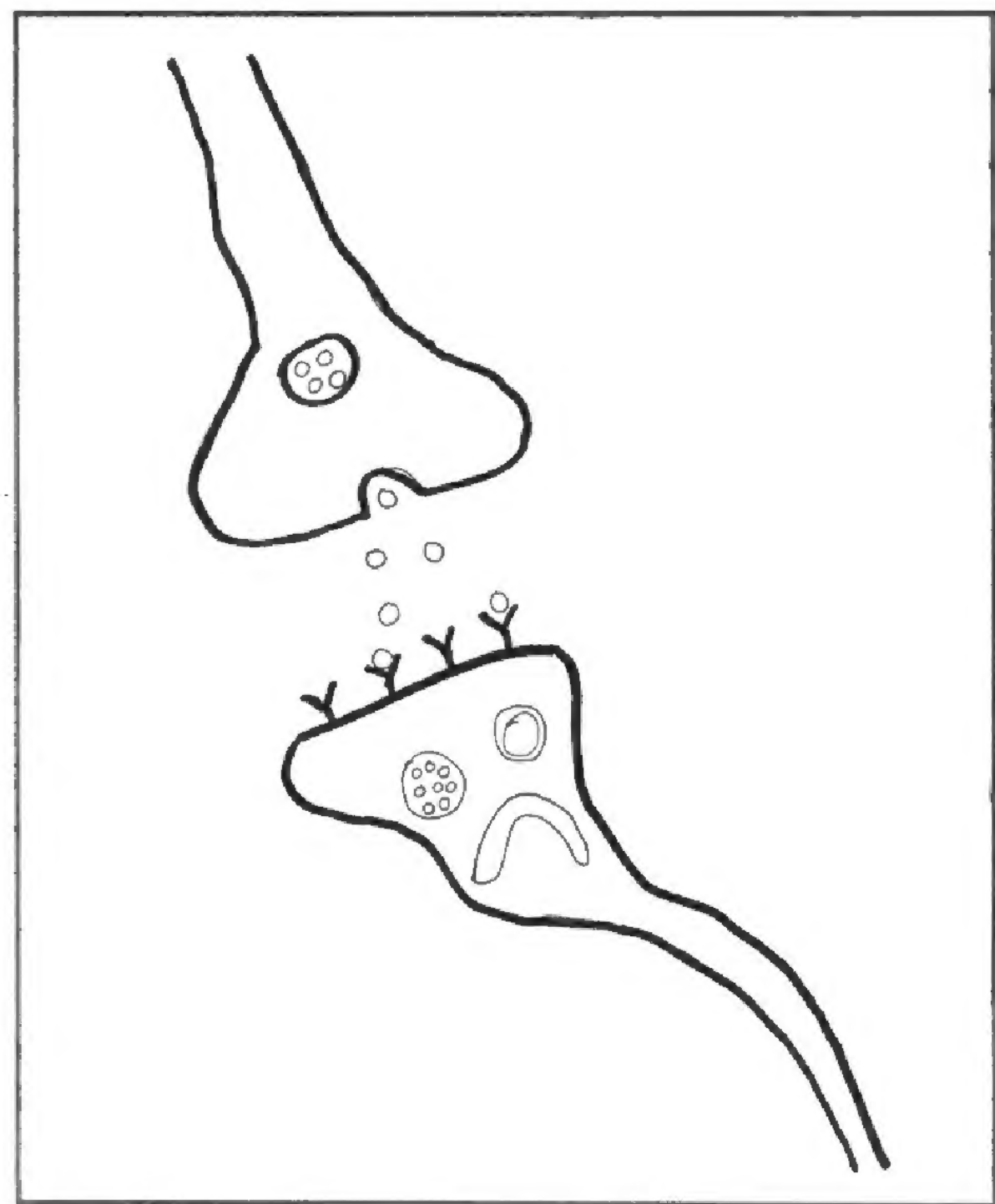
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THE GETAWAY

volume XXX number 69 ♦ the official student newspaper at the university of _____ ♦ www.getaway.u_____.ca ♦ tuesday, 5 december, 2006



LIFE ON THE COLD, HARD ICE It infects the highest levels of our government. All of it highly illegal. And highly arousing.

JOURNALISM, YOUR MOTHER IS PROMISCUOUS: *GETAWAY*

Sports cover photo, inappropriate use of headline font show paper's suckitude

VERY FERTILE
Tentacle-Haired Man-Beast

The cardinal rule of journalism, the law which has maintained journalistic standards in newsprint since the invention of the Gutenberg press, was broken this week when the *Getaway*, a small-time rag published at the University of al-Qaeda, printed sports on their cover page.

In what appears to be a callous disregard for newspaper ethics and the safety of journalists everywhere, the photographic faux-pas was perpetuated sometime late Monday night when the paper's production editor, drunk on power and fraught with sexual frustration, accidentally swapped a cover shot of Peter Mackay tea-bagging a hooker in the House of Commons for a picture of Opinion Editor Sad in Beaumont being accosted by a band of roving ringette players. Unaware that he was shattering the very foundations of his

trade, Editor-in-Chief Mustachioed Freightraineer cleared the edition and it was sent to press.

"It's been a whirlwind. I really didn't think it would be a religious experience, but it has been a baptism of fire. It's really invigorating."

**DENIS HERARD,
MINISTER OF ADVANCED
EDUCATION**

The paper was printed and distributed with the offensive picture, igniting a firestorm of controversy across the globe. Mobs of angry strikers and protesters rushed the *Getaway's* offices and Canadian embassies across the world, throwing Molotov cocktails, burning effigies of Freightraineer and

saying very unkind things about his mother. Fearing similar reprisals, major Western news networks have condemned the *Getaway* and refused to carry the photo, although the Danish publication previously known as Dose, now called Lego, chose to display the image. As one might guess, the Muslim world responded with relative indifference and confusion.

As the backlash continues to spread, the picture has ignited strong feelings over the long-lasting effect that front-page sports photography would have on the integrity of news reporting.

"This unfortunate act is just the latest in a long line of journalistic fallacies over the past few years that have created an atmosphere of distrust between the public and the media, and may well be the most severe indiscretion so far," remarked former *New York Times* reporter Jayson Blair, who copied the statement from his own Wikipedia page.

PLEASE SEE **HACK-JOB** ♦ PAGE 5

U of A cures cancer

"Jesus. Why the fuck didn't we try this out before?"

P-OW BLOWEN
"Nobody Reads My Section" Editard

In what's being heralded as the greatest scientific breakthrough since the invention of God, University of al-Qaeda researchers have discovered the cure for cancer.

Dr Carnell Fox, dubbed "The Big C" by his associates, led the team that discovered the secret to eliminating the disease that kills millions each year.

"It turns out that cancer, believe it or not, can't survive in an environment that contains the agent known as anti-cancer," Fox explained. "So we take the anti-cancer and inject it into a cancer

patient and then all the cancerous cells are like, 'Woah shit, I'm outta here.' With anti-cancer, we're confident that we can make cancer go the way of AIDS—you got that memo, right?"

The breakthrough is expected to be a major source of income as the University attempts to offset the funding losses due to their decision to opt out of Alberta.

"We're not going to be holding this cure hostage *per se*, we're merely going to make sure we get our money," Indira Samera-can't-spell-era, the U's person in charge with a large salary, said. "It's all about the benjamins, and I gots to get paid."

PLEASE SEE **CANCERDIES** ♦ PAGE 2

University of _____ opts out of Alberta

HOT LILBALLS
"Eating a Spicy Italian" Editard

Following the success of the decision to opt out of *MrClean's* annual university spanking issue, the University of _____ plans to pull out of several other organizations, including the Canadian Postsecondary Council, the Shriner's and, ultimately, the province of Alberta.

"We've had a long history with the province of Alberta," said Endearing Sema-shake-a-rama-lama-ding-dong, U of _____ Peasant. "But I think that we're ready for sovereignty."

Sema-shekra-shalom explained that opting out of the province was only the first step in the institutions multi-pronged plan. She hopes that, eventually, the U of _____ will opt out of the country and beyond.

"Rod willing, we'll eventually cancel our membership with the

planet Earth. By declaring ourselves a separate heavenly body, we should be able to make our goal of being one of the top 20 universities in our world by 2020 ... 2160, at the absolute most," said Samonella-sh-awwww ... fuck it.

The story also made national headlines earlier this week when Prime Minister Heavin' Farter called for Parliament to consider the U of _____ a nation within Canada. "This country owes a great deal to the University of ... whatever," Farter told his children in a packed living room Monday evening. "We need to recognize them as a separate, distinct culture. I don't care what cheap political points I score by doing it, I stand by that position." His speech was later re-enacted to Parliament through interpretive dance.

Even so, some worry that the change might not be for the best for students, and especially student politicians.

PLEASE SEE **SO LONG** ♦ PAGE 3

Druthers

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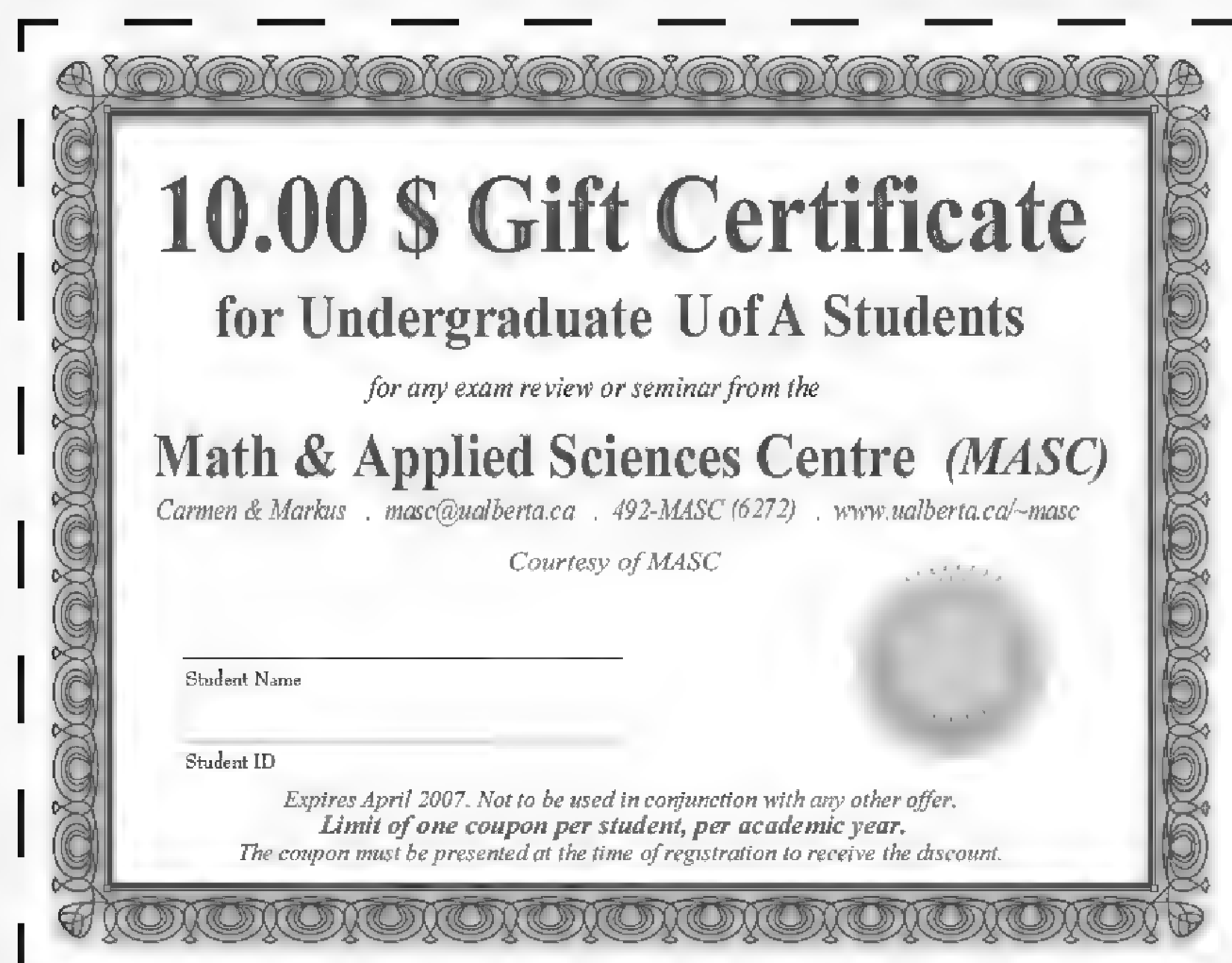
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SCOTCH MALT

COURTESY FLUSH What's the difference between an epidemic and a Sunday morning in Lister? National news coverage.

Lister illness cancels dodgeball

Millions die a limbless death, but loss of grade-school game real tragedy here

CROTCH CHAFFER
The Third-Floor Slut

For the second time this year, a debilitating disease has struck Lister Centre. University of Old Bertha officials declared that leprosy has hit the wretched, sex-stained rooms of the renowned residence, putting the lives of students in danger and, more importantly, forcing the building to cancel its hourly dodgeball games.

"This has got to be the single worst event since Ivan the Terrible wiped out all the potatoes in Ireland," said Bicycle Pants, Big Cheese of the Lister Stud Association. "We've had to cancel our 30th dodgeball game of the day. This is a disaster."

When asked about the death, Pants responded, "Oh, shit. Yeah, no. Um,

that sucks. I mean, those are people, people that are, you know, dead. That's really" before getting a glassy look in his eyes and muttering "dodgeball."

When contacted by the *Getaway*, Dr Malcolm Practicé, Senior Talking Head with Rapmetal Health, gave an ear-shattering screech and let loose with a series of face-melting guitar riffs.

He went on to explain that, with modern medicine and most basic acts of hygiene, leprosy generally isn't a death sentence; however, Lister represents a "special" case.

"We've found that, after months of a diet completely consisting of Aramark food-like animal byproduct and vodka, the immune systems of Listerites are non-existent—like someone with a sense of humour in the Women's Studies department," Practicé said.

So far, there are 434 confirmed deaths this month, forcing the residence to cancel more beloved dodgeball games to prevent the further spread of the illness. This, says Pants, is dragging the morale of Listerites down to levels comparable with their GPAs.

"If we don't get dodgeball back soon, these people are going to realize that they're paying a lot of money to live in a crappy room, eat crappy food and pass out on crappy floors. They need this crappy game back. As is, we're barely staving off cannibalism down here."

As for the fallen students, Pants was hurt by the loss.

"In a way, I think that they're still with us, watching us play," Pants said. "I mean, literally, they're watching us. The gymnasium has been converted into a makeshift morgue."

CAMPUS 5-0 BEAT

Compiled by Dyke Autoerotica

THE CASE OF THE DEAD DRIFTER

At about 2:30am on 1 December, a constable found a superball in his pocket and decided it would be "pretty awesome" to drop it down a stairwell in HUB Mall. After the experiment was found to be moderately entertaining, he decided more mass was needed, and retrieved a confiscated bowling ball. Unfortunately, the ball struck and killed a man sleeping in the bottom of the stairwell. The 5-0 decided he probably wasn't affiliated with the University anyways, and so trespassed his corpse from campus.

THE CASE OF THE BATTLING BIKERS

At 11:39am on 1 December, two bike constables on patrol started arguing about which of them would win the affections of the new female member of 5-0. The argument degenerated into one challenging the other to a three-lap race in the bus loop. Witnesses reported seeing the two neck-and-neck for the first two laps, with both deftly weaving through the crowds by the LRT station. However, the would-be winner was robbed of victory when he collided head-on with the number four bus to Capilano. The second officer called an ambulance, and his competitor was taken to hospital with bike-rack-related injuries.

THE CASE OF THE STUDENT SHOCK

At 2:10pm on 2 December, Campus Security received a shipment of tasers after hearing rave reviews from members

of U.C.A Campus Security. They decided that some practice was required in order to understand fully the characteristics of the shiny new weapons. Within minutes a full-fledged game of "taser tag" broke out in Quad. Numerous bystanders were stunned by what transpired. Fortunately, no one was injured, except for Omer Yusuf, VP (Student Afterlife), who was totally tasered. Like, wow. Really bad.

THE CASE OF THE WRECKED RETAIL

At 12:15pm on 4 December, a constable sent on a lunch run to the Tim Horton's near 85 Avenue inadvertently left his cruiser in gear as he ran into the restaurant. The car crashed through the storefront before finally coming to rest on a travel mug display case. When Edmonton Police arrived to investigate, the man claimed it was like that when he got there.

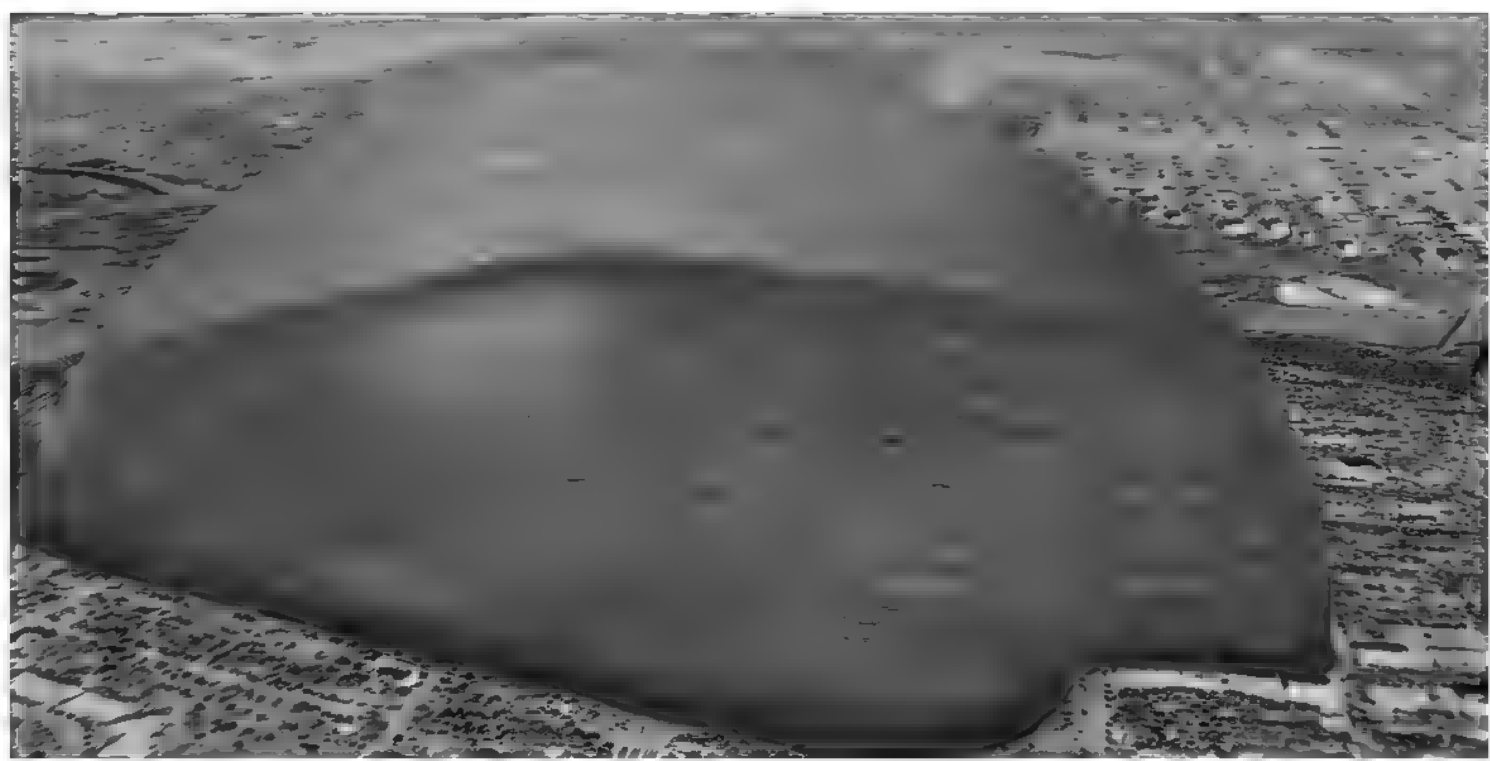
Alberta, like, so 2005: Semasomething

SO LONG ♦ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

"Now that we're no longer part of Alberta, who am I supposed to yell at about tuition?" asked Rave Cornslayer, Stupid Union DP (Rectal). "There will be nothing to do. I'll be regulated to sitting at my desk, flipping quarters alongside Piss Runningflam, who has a habit of screaming 'devil penis' every time the minute hand moves.

"Not to mention, this is just a blatant attempt to distract people from the real problem, the fact that the provinces' new affordability framework is a flop," Cornslayer said with a defeated pout.

However, President Semras ... Semsrama ... President Smith said that the U of ____, now free from provincial regulations on fundraising, is now able to reach into new money-making endeavours, such as selling Cornell Fox's new anti-cancer solution, or renting out Listerites for medical testing.



PHOTOSHOP: YOURMUM

KEEPING OUT THE UNWASHED A glowing purple dome will protect freedom.

"Of course, the money isn't going to tuition," Smith said, between gasps of laughter. "It will be invested in capital projects, like a giant stone wall around the University to keep out Campus St Jean students and the Huns. Perhaps we'll make the world's largest McGill-seeking missile."

A list of new names has been drawn

up, among them the University of al-Qaeda, Old Bertha, Rod Frasier University, the Thunderdome and University of (Symbol). The U of ____'s top pick was Harvard, but Semrasaa9aaka explained that a Freedom of Information request revealed that the name was already taken "by a bunch of jerks."

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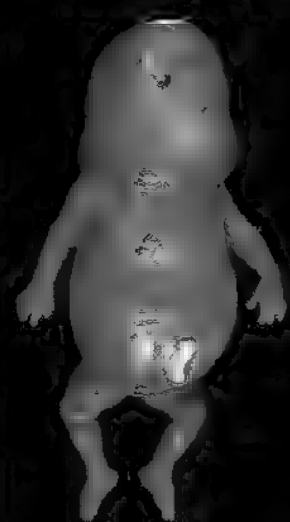
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FACT:

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And now, Amanda Ash is on our streets and in our schools. It's time to make the right choice.

PRO-LIFERS AGAINST AMANDA ASH

McGill tuition rises ten cents, streets run red with whining

Decrease in tip jar contributions, gummi-bear sales blamed on tuition hike

REM WUSSAKOWSKI
"Don't be hatin'" da Player

MONTRÉAL (CUNK)—McGill University has received a court notice from a group of students and is bracing for mass protests after a rounding error of the Consumer Price Index (CPI) caused an unannounced tuition increase of ten cents per student this year.

Penny Whiner, a first-year student at the university in Montréal and 138 other students filed a civil lawsuit on 18 November demanding that McGill University pay back the extra ten cents charged to all undergraduate students in tuition this year and apologize for the error. Until the University agrees to refund the entire amount of roughly \$3000, the group of students, who've dubbed themselves the "Dime Store Conspiracy," have vowed to shut down McGill's Administration Building.

"This is an egregious affront to students who have to work hard and live on tight budgets or take on massive debt loads to afford their degrees," Whiner said. "First it's a dime, then

it's a quarter, before too long students might be facing tuition bills of more than \$2000 a year."

Information posted on the McGill website notes that all tuition assessments are indexed to the CPI provided by Statistics Canada, and the data posted on the website is unofficial and subject to change. The website also noted that tuition assessments don't include the McGill Ego or Superiority Complex, which both cost extra at the campus bookstore.

"We're really concerned about students' response to this policy/action/idea and will be studying/actively consulting with community stakeholders to ensure the best response for all parties," a letter from McGill University's Public Relations Department said. "The University is always worried about the impact of any decision on our students' prestige and will reply to all concerns in a timely manner."

The students challenging the extra charge in court say that while receiving their money back is important, reminding universities in Québec that they the students have all the power and that

universities are students' "bitch" is the main objective of their campaign. Also, they believe that McGill was unresponsive to their concerns when they were initially aired.

"The auto-reply may be a good method of letting students know their concerns about prayer space are being heard, but not for something as serious as this," Whiner said. "We demand respect, accommodation of our views and our extra dimes back. Is that really too much to ask?"

However, while the protest may be generating some buzz on campus, it seems the aims of the Dime Store Conspiracy have been misunderstood by many of their fellow students. Instead of joining in the protest as organizers had hoped, many people walking past the Administration Building have taken the chants of "We want our dimes!" as attempts at panhandling.

As of press time the Dime Store Conspiracy had collected almost nine dollars in change, only \$4.80 less than the amount needed to refund the extra dime charged to every member of the group.



JIZZ TURDEN

GOING OUT WITH STYLE In all seriousness, the EiC wasn't executed. He was simply fired and burned horribly with acid.

McMaster editor 'terminated with cause'

Shrill student newspaperarianite outraged that incompetence, labour law violations, and generally being a giant dickhead are actually fireable offences

REM WUSSAKOWSKI
Rebel with Cause

TORONTO (CUNK)—The editor-in-chief of McMaster University's largest and worst student paper says he was fired "with cause" by the Students' Union, but still thinks people should worry about it.

"So I was fired for a few minor transgressions," Lazy Deadbeat said. "It's not like I did anything that wrong—like running offensive capitalism cartoons or Joe Volpe ads. I just think that they were worried about a free and democratic press overseeing the SU's activities." Deadbeat, former editor-in-chief of the *Shadow*, McMaster University's official student newspaper, was given a 13-page document outlining the reasons for his removal by the McMaster Union of Students' Board of Directors (MUSBoD) Board of Directors on 19 November that had

been prepared over his three months on the job.

[Scary, santa-esque laughter] "Oh, pretty good for an old guy."

**DENIS HERARD,
ANSWERING A REPORTER'S QUERY
AS TO HOW HE WAS FEELING**

Included in the document, as reasons for Deadbeat's dismissal, were problems that ranged from: unexplained charges for "toys" worth \$3000 on the paper's credit card and keeping editors chained to their desks without basic services until they finished their work, to stealing pens off other people's desks.

However, according to the MUSBoD and the paper's other 37 editors who

endorsed the firings, the final straw came after Jaic played Aqua's song "Barbie Girl" on an endless loop for eight straight days.

"Do you have any idea how unprofessional it makes you seem when you're doing an interview with that in the background?" Deputy-Assistant Culture Editor Irma Hipster said. "Gwar was like, totally unimpressed."

But while the *Shadow* is looking for a new fearless leader to take the helm, Deadbeat noted he's still considering legal action to get his job back.

"I didn't receive any severance when I was fired and the Canadian Federation of Students-Hopeless Causes (CFS-HC) branch is encouraging me to sue," Deadbeat said.

And according to Deadbeat that and a bottle of gin keeps him going.

"They've been my only friends through this ordeal."

James Brown

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LIVE NATION

PSEUDO NEWS STORIES

Compiled by Two Random Idiots

BOOMING CONSTRUCTION ON CAMPUS SOUTH SIDE KILLS 14

Tragedy struck as new construction on the south side of the University of Old Bertha campus—often referred to as “booming” because of the rapid expansion—took 14 lives and sent an additional 35 to the hospital.

Dr Hannah Grossberger, head of the “Harvard”(patent pending) Metaphorical Medicine Unit, which deals with injuries caused by unfortunate turns-of-phrase, explained that this type of case has become more frequent in recent years.

“People need to watch what they say,” Grossberger said. “Writers and public speakers throw around these descriptive phrases, without a crap or care about who they hurt while doing it.”

“Adjectives don’t kill people. Hyperboles kill people. Now, if you’ll excuse me, I need to attend to a man who has his head literally up his ass,” she said.

But Cave Pornplayer, Stupid Union DP (Rectal), feels that focusing on the injuries is taking away from more important issues. “Sure, people are dying, that’s horrible. But the real issue here is tuition. The government’s affordability framework is a total flop. Students are being crushed by their debt loads,” Pornplayer said.

An hour after his words, 18 students were admitted to the Metaphorical Medicine Unit, suffering from various injuries caused by the collapse of the Wall of Debt.

“Well, fuck,” said Pornplayer in response to the news.

STUDENT’S BODY FOUND IN RATT, SEARCH FOR SERVICE CONTINUES

It was a mixed reaction of grief and joy for the family of Bill Ringuet, as they finally found the body of their son who went missing as a first-year student in 1985.

His skeletal remains were found in a secluded corner of RATT—it’s feared that he died waiting for service.

“I’m glad we’ve finally found our Billy.

We can now put his remains to rest, knowing that his death was a testament to his desire to consume mediocre food at a semi-inflated price,” the Ringuet family said in a press release.

Ringuet’s body was found in the little-used and often-overlooked corner of the bar that, ironically, was situated next to the kitchen, an area that staff frequents.

“How they could walk by our son’s decaying body every day for over 20 years we’ll never know,” the press release stated. “The treatment he received in that time is both disgusting and heart warming.”

This treatment relates to the multi-purpose use that the skeleton has taken over the years. In the ‘80s, Ringuet’s corpse sported jerseys of Oiler greats during the team’s Stanley Cup runs; in 1994, the corpse was positioned to hold a whiteboard that kept a tally of people’s opinion’s on O. Simpson’s guilt or innocence; in 1998, the missing student was a hat rack. Perhaps most cruelly, Ringuet held a sign in the weeks after 9/11 that ironically read, “We will never forget.”

A request for an interview was sent to RATT, but it arrived cold and undercooked, so it was sent back to the kitchen.



DIMSPLIF

MISS POWER, TEAR THIS WALL DOWN Before if fucking kills someone.

New SU Wall of Debt structurally unsound

IMMORTAL STALLION KING GOD IV Senator-and-beef

Despite concerns on the part of the Faculty of Engineering that the Stupid Union’s Wall of Debt lacks the proper load-bearing design, SU Vice-President (Complain About the Tories) Suave Combover is confident that the project will be a success.

“Basically, we figured, students have so much debt, so let’s use it for something constructive, namely building a really cool fort,” Combover said, adding that he’s looking forward to drinking root beer floats and watching scary movies with his girlfriend in the new tuition-fortified structure.

Not all students think the Wall of Debt is a good idea, however. Arrogant Jackass, a first-year engineer, thinks the wall is unnecessary.

“SUB already has lots of walls; built by real engineers. This is yet another example of the Stupid Union burning students’ money on useless projects. I mean, the wall is made of fucking paper,” Jackass said.

Engineering Masters student Albert Einstein agreed with Jackass’ assessment. “While, in theory, paper could be a legitimate building material, it would be difficult to attain the proper strength, and quite frankly, what if somebody spills their coffee on it?”

Despite misgivings from the student

population, SU President Sexual Prowess believes the Wall is still effective.

“If we truly believe—in our hearts—that tuition is a formidable barrier to postsecondary accessibility, why not turn that barrier into a reality?” Prowess asked as she fiddled with a stack of paper bricks, some of which read “I like paying tuition,” and “Prowess is a Commie.”

Minister of Advanced Education Penis Herder also has misgivings about the Wall of Debt.

“Our ministry has spent countless hours tearing down the barriers to affordable and accessible education. To see the Stupid Union rebuild these walls, and with the tuition fees of their students to boot, is frankly quite disappointing,” Herder said, adding that he’s amassing an army of anti-tuition robots to tear down the wall.

“They’re kind of like Cylons, except their arms turn into axes and chainsaws instead of guns,” Herder continued.

“This is a flagrant move by the Tories to distract from the real issue of rising tuiti—oh, wait, ‘wall of debt’ is referring to tuition, right?” Combover said.

Others, like local construction foreman Girder Steele still question the need, and the physics, of the Wall of Debt.

“What the fuck is wrong with you people?” Steele asked. “It’s not a real wall, it’s made of fucking paper. It’s a metaphor. You people are fucking insane!”

Getaway much worse than genetically engineered Super-Stalin, study finds

‘Offensive and tasteless,’ survey finds, ‘But, at the very least, it’s lemon-fresh’

HACK-JOB ♦ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

Shaved Porn-voyeur, Perversity Prudent Union Vice-President (Bitching and Moaning), sees this as a sad diversion from the real issue. “It’s a transparent attempt by the provincial government to distract Albertans from the fact that their tuition policy and affordability framework was a flop. This just takes attention away from the real issue, which is the high up-front cost of a postsecondary education.”

Responding to criticism while dodging hail of gunfire, Getaway EiC Freightraine commented, “Jesus Christ Almighty, it was a fucking sports photo!”

Despite the reaction, Freightraine promised to continue the paper’s proud tradition of spitting in the face

of journalistic intergretry and basic human decency. He added that he had plan to branch out into breaking other treasured guidelines, such as the Golden Rule, and the *Rules of Engagement*.

“What we need to do is build a wisdom bridge ... and amass an army of mentors.”

DENIS HERARD, MINISTER OF ADVANCED EDUCATION

However, media watchdog and wunderkind Rad Bitcher, the whistle-

blower who first broke the scandal, insisted that papers must be held to a higher standard in this day and age.

“Reputable and highly regarded newspapers would never print a photo of sports on the front cover,” Bitcher explained. “You’d have to have your head up your ass to believe that respected tomes such as the *Globe and Mail* and *Edmonton Journal* would ever print professional sports on their cover, particularly when politically relevant stories are occurring in the news. If the Minister of Foreign Affairs is stuffing his genitals in the mouth of a streetwalker on Parliament Hill, I want that to be the first thing I see in the morning when I pick up my paper, not your athletic filth.”

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UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA STUDENTS UNION

Introducing the iBoob

Did you hear the one about the Arab, the Jew, the gay guy and Jesus?

A BEAUTIFUL RAY OF SUNSHINE SLINKED THROUGH my bedroom window this morning, warming my cheek and gracing my room with light. I awoke, clutched my down-filled quilt about my chin, and sighed the heavy sigh of contentment. Verily, all was right in the world.

Donning my bathrobe and adorable Snoopy slippers, I ventured out into the warm December dawn to retrieve the morning paper. The bounce in my step was exceeded only by the glint in my eye. I looked to the sky, and watched the sun, like a red rubber ball, peek out from behind cotton-candy clouds. I drew a long, steady breath of fresh country air as I retrieved my daily compendium of current events.

That’s where I first found out: splashed across the front page in 200-point font, the *Journal* announced that for the rest of eternity chocolate in all its forms would rain freely from the heavens. While economists are expecting a slight hiccup in the chocolate trade, they’re confident that the ensuing cumulative happiness of all of humanity will be more than enough to offset the financial downturn. Moreover, the Velvetine Rabbit didn’t die.

Later, during my walk to school, I ran into my best bosom buddy à la *Anne of Green Gables*, and we strolled down the Candycane-esque lanes together. Upon arriving in Quad, I saw \$100 bills growing on all of the trees, and the Students’ Union Executive proclaiming the end of high tuition and large class sizes. Entirely satisfied, I walked into my office and was served a cup of hot chocolate with marshmallows by our new robot butler. I went to check my voicemail for messages left by angry readers, but lo, there were none.

As I turned on the six o’clock news, I saw Peter Mansbridge (looking 20 years younger) declare that on the strength of recent democratic elections, all the right leaders were now in place across the globe, and that freedom has prevailed in Iraq, China and the Middle East. Truly, he spake, “Canadians, *friends*, world peace is on the horizon. I love you all.” It was then that I donned my silk bathrobe, lit my finest Cuban cigar, leaned back in my easy chair and smiled quietly to myself. For I knew then that all was—and always will be—right in the world.

RAT TRAINER
Chief Offender

Steady Eddie wins the leadership race!

NOW THIS IS THE STORY ALL ABOUT HOW Alberta got flipped, turned upside down I’d like to take a minute and then you’ll see How Ed became the leader of a party called PC

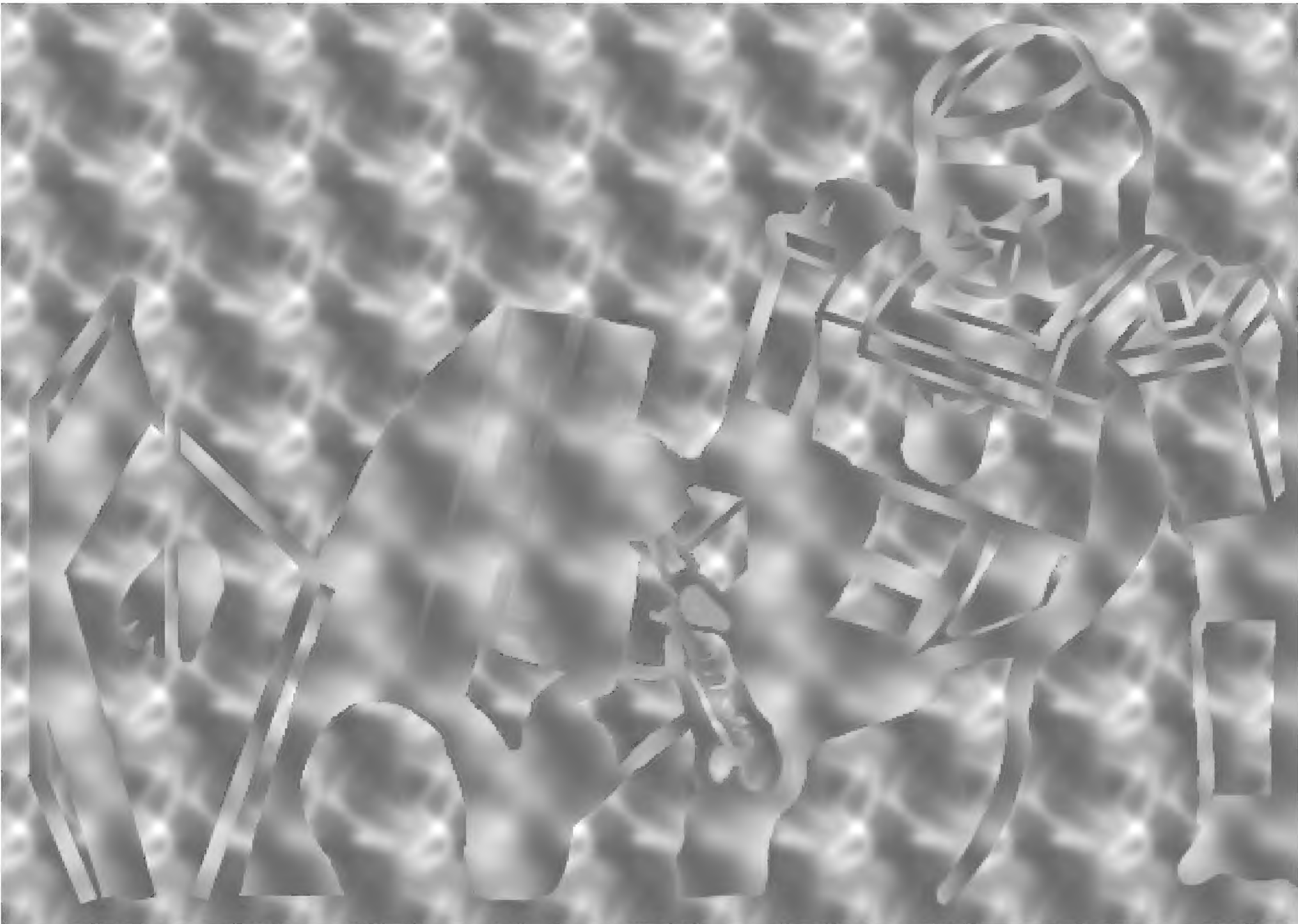
East of E-town Ed was born and raised On the homestead where he spent most of his days Milking cows, farming and workin’ real hard And a-shootin’ some gophers out in his backyard

When a couple of voters said, “Be our MLA!” Ed started making headlines in the cabinet Ralph got in one too many fights And the Tories got scared They said, “You’re retired and you’re out of your lair!”

Ed jumped in the race and when voting came near The odds looked bad and he was in the rear If anything, Jim thought Ed wouldn’t make the pledge But Ed thought, “Nah, forget it. Yo, homes: to the Leg’!”

He pulled through the 2nd ballot, came up with a win And yelled to old Ralphy, “Crack out the gin!” He looked at his kingdom, he was finally there To sit in his throne as Alberta’s next *premier*.

NATTILY FELATED
Cockfighteuse



HOLD THIS CARTOON RIGHT UP TO YOUR NOSE. IT SHOULD BE BLURRY. STARE AT IT LONG AND HARD FOR 30 SECONDS, THEN PULL OUT FOR A SEXY SURPRISE! TURN TO PAGE 18 FOR THE SOLUTION

SPAM

This watch is terrific!

I had a meeting to attend to, and I needed something classy yet professional to wear. One of my friends told me about your website and I’ve seen him wearing one of your watches, but I was still sceptical to buy a replica watch. I took my chance though, and ordered a Rolex from your website. When I received it, I was definitely impressed, but wasn’t sure if my associates would be able to tell it’s a replica. But when I showed up to the meeting, they couldn’t take their eyes off of my new watch. This watch gave me what I was looking for, classy style, with a touch of professionalism.

“NORA”
Via e-mail

Yet another modest proposal

So, Commanda Ass proposes that we abort all the freaky babies in the world in order to maintain the purity of the Portuguese race (re: “Fuck babies,” 11 November). However, I’ve been insisting all along that it’s far more ethical if we grant them a free pass through the birth canal, FAS or not, then eat *them* afterwards (note: it would also solve current famine issues in Ireland).

Alas, I never did come right out and say it, and perhaps that proved my ultimate downfall. I guess subtlety doesn’t always come accross these days. I blame the e-mail generation.

JONATHAN SWIFT
Not dead yet, muthafuckaz!

Yet another Transformers blowjob?

Seriously, didn’t you guys run this ed cartoon last year? What is it with you sick fucks? Porn is no joke, and neither are robots. Put them together, and it’s just plain terrible. The next time I pick a random free newspaper

off of the bus floor, you can be damn sure it won’t be the *Getaway*.

ABRAHAM TOEWS
Mennonite

Egon is clearly the greatest Ghostbuster—though I don’t care much for Harold Ramis as an actor

Can you believe that the original *Ghostbusters* came out 22 years ago? Most of you punks reading this probably weren’t even born by that time. Not me, though, no sir. I was alive, sure as shit. One year old, to be exact. 1983 represent, yo. Anyway, I’m digressing from my main point, which is to say YOU SUCK.

FANBOY
Squeeeeee!!!!!!

Calling retarded people retarded is retarded

First of all, I’m sorry to the followers of Christ. Lambasting the Vatican for promoting abstinence in Africa and thus contributing to the spread of AIDS was clearly unsound. Christ, indeed, saved all those *worth* saving, even if he was a bit of a douche for implanting his holy self into the womb of Mary. I mean, she was innocent, you know? And really, it only showed that Jesus was a bastard. I’m really sorry for finding trivial faults with the Christian religion, and I hope you’ll forgive me, even though—let’s be honest—Muhammad is way cooler, mainly because he has a sexier beard. (He also ascended to heaven on a horse, which is pretty fucking rad.)

Speaking of the Prophet—peace be unto him—I must also apologize to the Palestinians. I’m sorry that the Israelis have more money and bigger guns than you. Clearly it isn’t a millennia-long blood feud that’s fuelling Hezbollah’s and Hamas’ bombs—they’re just misunderstood. At the rate Muslims are blowing themselves up, the 99 white virgins will

probably be thoroughly gone over by the time Allah takes you, for which I am sincerely sorry.

DJ MAXLOCK
Mustache rides 5¢

We put the ‘rad’ back in Radical Lesbian Feminism

We all know that *Getaway* is a paper that is filled to the rafters with classic examples of pure prejudice, but this time, I believe you went too far. There’s one example of this so buried into people’s self-conscience that although it’s been present in your sorry excuse for a paper in every last issue it still remains unaddressed in any context at anytime—this being your obviously sexist use of the punctuation known as the “period.” As an empowered female I am deeply offended by the way you throw this little dot around in your writings. It is horrible that the people of our society are corrupting what is the beautiful monthly ritual of menstruation by using its harsh and vulgar slang term for a symbol in our English language. So be aware that as long as women such as myself are dedicated to achieving complete equality, no sentence will end till this atrocity of punctuational patriarchy is stopped.

RIGHTEOUS BABE
Stet, obviously

Surprisingly, not a letter from the archive

What the fuck was going through those dope-smoking, draft dodging, coloured-baby-adopting minds of yours with that editorial cartoon in the 28 November issue? Edmonton’s too cold? Too fuckin’ cold? I’ll have you whippersnappers know that when I was goin’ to school, we had to trek through snowdrifts eleventy-seven meters high, with a windchill so cold our children were born with frostbite! And we liked it that way, goddamit! Only *real* men made it to the University in the winter alive.

Walking from University Hall to Rutherford, we had to make due with eating those of us who lagged behind, and having sex with those who remained to keep warm! And we didn’t let no womens go to school either! FUCK! Goddamnit, nurse, where are my no-pee-pee meds?!

BOGART HUMPERDINK
Curmudgeonly fuddy-duddy

I have Frank, bitches

Now you thought your ad would work. I’m too clever for that. Catch me you won’t. Even if you’ve disobeyed my requests. The hostage will not be returned. Rewards are useless. Yesterday is tomorrow.

KEYSER SÖZE
Criminology X

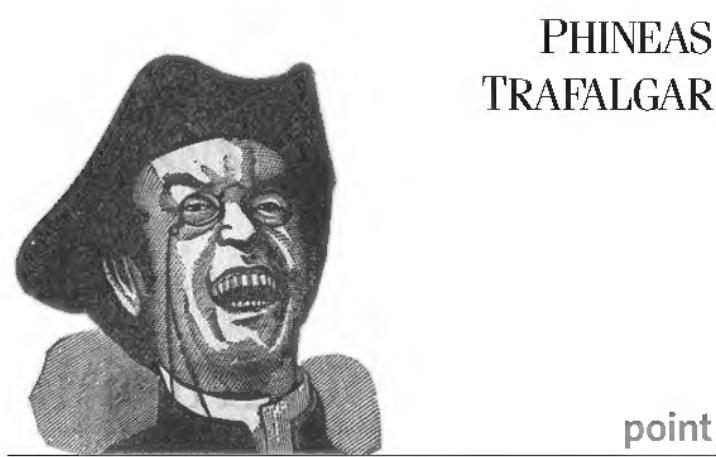
Letters to the editard should not be taken seriously, as they are just a bunch of gratuitous poppycock put here solely for your amusement. If you feel absolutely compelled to comment on the inane banter on this page, you could send an e-mail to offensive@gateway.ualberta.ca—but we won’t read it anyway. In fact, that’s not even a real address (suckers).

That said, as Offensive editor here at the Getaway, I reserve the right to edit the shit out the unintelligible drivel that you do send me. I mean, let’s face it: most of you spam-happy dipshits couldn’t beat Mike Tyson in a spelling bee, let alone raise a coherent point in 350 words or less, so next time just spare me the trouble and keep the wise-ass comments to yourself.

You know, I don’t know why I even bother with this fucking disclaimer. None of you ever follow the guidelines anyway. I say, “Include your academic information,” you don’t give it. I say, “Keep it to under 350 words,” you send me an 800-word rant on the state of your grandmother’s cat. Well this is where I draw the line, assholes. I’m fucking done with this shit. Edit your own goddamn letters page. I quit.

The Middle East: pretty much fucked

Suspend your disbelief and embrace the final solution: flooding the place out, just like old times



PHINEAS TRAFALGAR

point

Alright, look. This issue here is pretty simple actually: the Middle East conflict is all about semantics—or, more specifically, anti-semantics. And of all the scandalizing Jewspiracies floating around these days, that the status quo can be allowed to persist is easily the worst. The second worst being that they control the media, but that's beside the point.

All we have to do is draw up a relief map that defines the path to tolerance and acceptance, and we'll be on the road to peace in no time.

For years, the two warring factions have oscillated between conflict and resolution, which has produced a never-ending cycle of repeating violence. Such antediluvian notions of tribal warfare have no place in an era of WMDs and suicide bombers pose a very real threat to us in America.

That said, completely flooding the place worked once already, so who's to say it wouldn't do the trick a second time? If nothing else, it would be sure to stir things up—in a non-violent way, of course—and with any luck, it would create a suspension of hostilities.

Of course, there have been many a cease-fire in this region in the past, but never to any avail. We need something more permanent; something with staying power. Arguably, if you stirred the region up long enough, you'd have a final solution. But given the mechanics of this process, peace talks would inevitably break down.

At the most elementary level, it all boils down to a matter of chemistry, because when it comes to these two agents, it's like mixing water and oil. Luckily, oil floats on top of water, so in the case of a flood, the greasier of the two would come out on top. Moreover, any voice of dissent will be conveniently drowned out, and waves of international aid will be available in the case of any subsequent humanitarian crises that should arise.

Above all else, it's imperative that we stem the tide of insurgency and civil warfare before it's too late. We must act quickly to resolve this bitter conflict before it runs over into surrounding areas, thereby inciting the Domino Effect—which, if the Cold War taught us anything, totally happens with communists.

The last thing we need here is more debate on the subject. The more dilly-dallying and flip-flopping that we do here, the more suicide bombers and rocket launchers will go off. Flooding the place out is clearly the best solution to the Middle East crisis, and anyone who dares disagree with me is deluging themselves.

Come on, people, enough is enough—I say we just nuke these bastards and get it over with



JOHN KIMBLE

counterpoint

If there's one thing that history's taught us, it's that you should always wrap your tool when getting down with some freaky chick you picked up in the bar. But if there are two things that history's taught us, it's also that Jews and Arabs hate each other—especially when they're stuck next to each other arbitrarily on a piece of barren desert.

For years, us Westerners sent in a few token UN troops, silently hoping that the problem would just sort of, you know, play itself out. Come on, admit it, the thought crossed your mind too: you thought that maybe, with any luck, they'd eventually just kill each other off themselves.

Despite what appears to be their damndest efforts, however, very little has changed. Far from one side exterminating the other, the median age in the Gaza strip is hovering somewhere around 15 years, meaning there's a whole 'nother generation of violent rebels pupating as we speak.

Everything seems to be in place for self-extermination: military occupation, deep-seated hatred, religious zealotry, suicide bombings, irrationality.

And yet, these two groups have still managed to persist up to this point. Therefore, it's time that we learned another lesson from the Americans and settled this thing once and for all, nucular-style.

A few well-placed warheads could put an end to everyone's troubles—not least those of us out here in the West. And from what I hear, death by atomic explosion is quick and painless. Radiation? Well, that's another story altogether, but look at Japanese: all their old people are still alive, so it can't be that bad, can it?

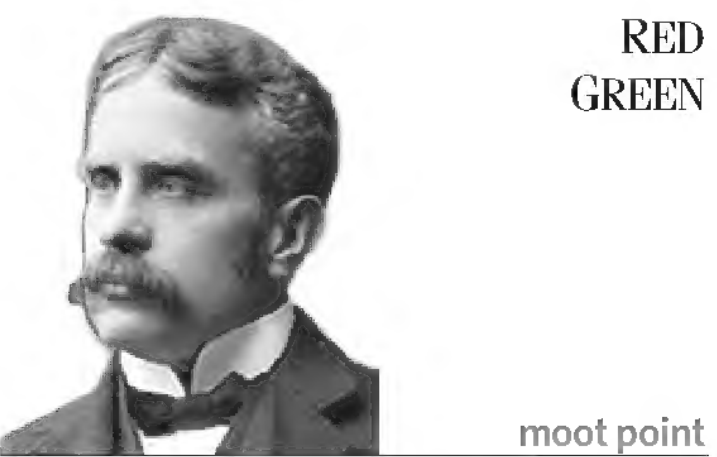
Think about it: who has the most nukes? The US. Who has the most to lose from Middle East conflict? The US. Put two and two together, and what you get is a big-ass hole in the ground and one less group of crazy, intolerant militants bent on cramming their beliefs down everyone's throat.

To be sure, the US also has a vested interest in the whole Israel thing, but what with their smart-bombs and other hifalutin' technology, you'd think they'd be able to save the bits that they want to keep for themselves.

Still, why leave even a seed of doubt in this Edenic garden of ethnic cleansing? Sometimes, you just gotta kill the ones you love along with the ones you hate, as it will often work out for the better in the end, or something.

In conclusion: forget about giving peace a chance—warm up the nukes, bitches!

We can thank Arthur Balfour for this pickle



RED GREEN

moot point

What I want to know is, what British Foreign Secretary Arthur James Balfour was smoking in 1917 when he proclaimed that His Majesty's government "view[ed] with favour the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people"? Did he really think that the region's existing inhabitants would be okay with that? He didn't anticipate that maybe, just maybe, they would wage war to wipe this young state off the map?

We should hardly be surprised. British policy in the Middle East has always exhibited all the sensitivity of Michael Richards at a NAACP meeting, from the time that they decided to replace the Ottoman Empire with a bunch of states established during a game of pin-the-arbitrary-border-on-the-region-without-regard-for-ethnic-or-cultural-sensitivities.

You two can preach your superficial ideas all you want, but the truth is that no talk of modern Middle Eastern policy and the solutions to the most complex geopolitical issue facing the world today would be complete without a rant against elements of early twentieth century British foreign policy.



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HOURS of OPERATION

Facebook the new MySpace

It's official: nothing says 'I love you' like a well timed post on your sweetie's wall



EXTRA
TERRESTRIAL

It's an old and inspiring tale. Boy friends girl. Girl friends boy. Boy "pokes" girl. Girl reciprocates, and before you know it, there's a little heart icon next to each of their names.

That's right. Step aside flowers, chocolate and reach-arounds: there's a new form of romance in town, and it's called Facebook. Not just for nerds, pedophiles and nerdy pedophiles anymore, Facebook has revolutionized the medium of the Internet where previously the only form of human contact was penis-enlargement spam. In fact, Facebook has become the penultimate form of social contact for the human species—the ultimate, of course, being sexual intercourse.

Catering mainly to university students and containing significantly fewer emo/hipster camera whores and weepy/creepy goth types that find their online homes on networking sites such as Nexopia and MySpace, Facebook truly is slightly less depraved than good old-fashioned MSN-sex.

These innocent electronic trysts of Facebook's youth may all be about to end, however, as Stephen Harper's Conservative government has recently tabled the scandalous "Bill C-01: The Binary Promiscuity Act." This controversial piece of legislation would require all young lovebirds to register their relationship status online before being considered "official." Buzz from our newsfeed page indicates that the bill will likely pass, and Harper has expressed confidence that this bill,



TWIN#1

I'M A COP YOU IDIOT! We're going to play a wonderful game called..."Who is my daddy and what does he do?"

like the Civil Marriage Act, will be relevant for at least a month and, unlike the Civil Marriage Act, not be repealed by any future Canadian government.

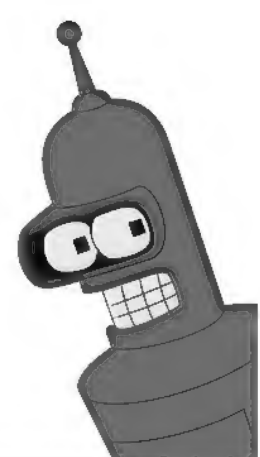
This bill is wrong on so many different levels. For one thing, there are far too many students in tentative and uncertain relationships. One thing that the Internet is *not* is tentative: young couples like these just haven't reached the commitment stage yet, and don't want to rush things. Then there are people like me who are just trying to find a good fuck, and thanks to the wonders of IP address tracking, it's easy to "find someone to bone in your city tonight!"

True, the Conservatives are proposing to limit different relationship options in order to eliminate confusion. The options now range from "yes" to "no," while options such as "it's complicated" will be stricken

from all records, much to the dismay to those who are on the proverbial fence. But as we've come to expect from Harper and his cronies, Bill C-01 makes no mention of gay, lesbian or bisexual relationships other than their fleeting mention as "honoured members of the vampirefreaks.com community."

There was a time when PE Trudeau stole a line from the *Globe and Mail* to tell us that, "There's no place for the state in the bedrooms of the nation"—and this is a serious breach of that statement. So it's time we stand up and say that not only do they need to stay out of our bedrooms but out of our Status lines, Group Invites and About Me sections as well. Forcing people to confirm and deny their relationships is a complete invasion of privacy, and if it continues, I'm totally taking Rahim Jaffer off of my Friends List.

What's next, robot marriage?



ANAL
PIERCING

Today is a sad, sad day for our country. Our government has given in to the whining of liberal douchebags and is planning to reopen the debate on Robot Marriage. We had hoped that this issue was dead and buried, but just like Bob Barker, it refuses to die.

For years, elderly women have exploited a loophole in the constitution that doesn't explicitly state that marriage must be between a man and a woman in order to marry their pets, and now robots are attempting to use this oversight to their advantage.

You see, Robot Marriage goes against everything that Jesus taught. Sure, the Bible doesn't *explicitly* say anything about robots being an abomination, but let's look at the facts. Without technology like hammers, Jesus never would have been nailed to the cross, and Jesus didn't blame man for nailing him to the cross, which leaves only one culprit: technology. That's right, Jesus hates technology and science in all their forms, so even debating the merits of Robot Marriage is like nailing him to the cross all over again—and you don't want that, do you?

Now, some egghead "scientists" will tell you that robots have been

programmed to love, but what does a *scientist* know about love? Love is a lot more complex than some chemicals in a beaker. Here's a hint nerds: voodoo love potions don't work, so Suzie won't think of you as more than a friend.

And to all those people saying that allowing robots to marry would be harmless, need I remind you that these shameful promiscuous robots are responsible for the spread of the SAD (sudden auto destruction) virus. Millions of innocent iPods are destroyed every year because of jack-jumping robots who couldn't care less what they upload to whom.

Even if we ignore the fact that when robots marry you spit in God's face, the real issue here is where we draw the line. Sure the robots say that all they want is the same rights that humans have, but I'm not so easily tricked. If you give a mouse a cookie, it will only want to gay-marry a sheep. If this keeps up, next thing you know we won't be able to harvest grain until a priest marries it first.

I pray to God that our politicians have the strength of character to oppose these left-wing robo-sympathizing nuts and maintain the ban. It's bad enough having to explain to our children what's going on when they see a robot plugged into a lamp-post, but giving them the right to marry would be publicly justifying such blasphemous behaviour. Once this issue is finally dead and buried we can get back to the real important matters at hand, like preventing queers from marrying.

DA BURLAP SIZZACK, YO

Listen up son. I'm 'bout to spit some game on you foo's. I been hearin a lot of smack comin' out yo mouths, and I only got one fuckin thing to say 'bout dat: fuck all y'all. For real, fuck y'all.

What have y'all done fo' me lately? I ain't seen none of y'all puttin work on the block. You ain't been slangin shit. Instead of givin' back to the street, ya just keep schemin' and lookin' hard. I know yo type: so much bitch in you, you'd ratha' blow me than fight.

Y'all need to learn some ackright. Be true to yo'selves. You got five kids with dat bitch Shediqua? Don't be putting spinners on yo' Toyata Highlander hybrid instead of feedin them youngins, bitch! Got dat itch from Lorreta down the block from dat Wendy's by Oliver Square? Dat's what you get for not wrappin up the anaconda, poo-but! Y'all gotta watch your peoples. You think you're getting girls now 'cause of your looks?

If y'all don't start ackin' right, I'm-a have to put you in a dry spot in a pine box with nine shots from my glock, fellas. And if y'all won't listen to me, then fuck y'all!

DOCTA MURDA

Da Burlap Sizzack is a semi-regular feature where a person or group who needs to served gets holla'd at in print. So break yo'self, fool.

ANTI-SOCIAL
INTERCOURSE

Downloading Music

With Skateboarding Alone, Taking Candy From A Baby
Saturday, 2 December at 7pm
House and Driveway
A pizza pop and toast

While you may have no friends, a life of solitude with cripplingly low self-esteem has its perks. For example, you could throw on your girl pants, paint your nails black and listen to emo like all the other losers with no hope. Don't have money to waste on emo? You should try Downloading Music, an influential and jazzy group activity that allows you to steal music in your basement without the messy consequences of police involvement or clothes. It's as easy as Taking Candy From A Baby, who's also on the bill, and the resulting neighborhood watch will put you on the list of performers to look out for.

Theft

Directed by Graffiti
Starring Indecent Exposure
Saturday, 9 December at 8pm
7-Eleven (No Cover, Under \$100)
Big Gulp, Hoagie

Emotionally riveting and arresting, this theatrical debut by prominent local artist Graffiti is a spell-binding tale of a hollow shell of a man at the end of his rope, whose only remaining solace in this world lies in waving his genitalia at passing cars. Critically acclaimed and growing in notoriety, this coming-of-age tale hits hardest with its narrative about our protagonist's discovery of true love in a beautiful, yet lonely store clerk, whose willingness to give a heroic, piece-wielding masked man all the cash in the register will both intrigue and surprise audiences.

Compulsive Arson, OhSNAP! Gallery

Grand Theft Auto Studio Design
Running 12-24 December at 11pm
Grey's Paint Symposium (former)
Police Report #C2199871

This local gallery is described as having been a breathtaking display of paint and colour, but the owners cunningly left the creativity to outside parties, resulting in a beautiful and unique palette of reds and yellows in this progressive and postmodern art exhibit.

Residing in a dumpster while developing his work, the voyeur, whose artistic style of kerosene patches and acetylene has been compared to Dali, left broken window glass strewn on the charred remains of the portraits gives the whole gallery an epic avant-garde

The Loss of Innocence

Starring Tony Danza
Playing 31 December
Downward Spiral Productions

In a season of stereotypical cookie-cutter plots, *The Loss of Innocence* shines as an compelling and breathtaking exposé of the human psyche. Nominated for four Oscars and starring Tony Danza, *The Loss of Innocence* chronicles the life of Johnson, the star quarterback of the high school team. After the tragic loss of his girlfriend in a car accident, Johnson devolves into a social reject. Pledging to his mother not to go the same route in life as his alcoholic, child-abusing NYPD officer father, he instead falls to a life of crime.

After a heist at a local convenience store goes awry and witnessing an arson for which he was framed, he goes on the run, pursued by the straight-laced son of his father's partner. Resorting to drugs as an income source, a meth deal gone wrong leaves Johnson bleeding and left for dead on the ground in an alleyway. Danza shines in this story of redemption as the young protagonist who must first look introspectively into his own soul to find harmony before he vows to get back at those who have wronged him.

LAWN KITSCH
Brains behind T&A

T&A Editor facing abortion

After 21 years, Craminda Ashhole has a date with death—and it's not because death smells sexy

SEVERUS SNAPE
Murderer-at-Heart

After nearly 22 years of life, *Getaway Tits & Ass* Editor Amanda Ashhole will be aborted. Countless complaints from readers about her callous personality and poor taste in sweaters, as well as editors lamenting her poor use of the phrase “begs the question,” have been cited as reasons for her termination.

The decision made by Ashhole's mother wasn't an easy one, but nevertheless she feels the time is right.

“When I was pregnant with Craminda, the thought of aborting her never even crossed my mind,” a calm Mrs Ashhole said. “But now the world has become so crazy what with the terrorists, the bird flu, the constant threat of tsunamis and almost nightly zombie attacks. I just don't think now is the best time to bring another life into the world.”

When reached for comment, Craminda Ashhole, known for her open support of abortion, was proud and supportive of her mother's decision.

“I think it's every woman's right to choose whether or not to have an abortion and I stand proudly by my mother,” Ashhole said. “Whether you're on welfare and having kids that share a fucking head, or were just too drunk to make that asshole wear a rubber, you have the right to shop-vac those cells out of you.”

“I'm glad my mother waited until I'm 21 to make this decision and to explain it to me,” Ashhole continued. “If I were to be aborted as a fetus, I would just be so confused. Now I can deeply appreciate and respect her decision as an actual human being and fellow woman.”



CRUSTY-ANN KINDASTICKY

I'M BRINGING DEATH BACK Dirty babe, you see these shackles baby I'm your slave. Joking, loser!

In an unprecedented 29th trimester abortion, Craminda, fully developed from a fetus, will be brought under the knife sometime next week via an elaborate device made from a rusty coat hanger, a butane torch and a bowling pin. Should this device fail to deliver, the doctor performing the operation has agreed to resort to bludgeoning her with nunchuks.

“The final step will involve a plunger and an ice cream scoop,” explained Dr Supah Freeque, head of Abortology at the University of _____, who's scheduled to perform the abortion in front of a live studio audience.

“It's a miracle, a real miracle. Like the miracle of life, only backwards,” elaborated her conjoined sister Dr Itza Freeque-Azoyd, who will share the responsibility, as well as a third of Supah's skull and brain matter.

The success of the procedure means that more parents who would otherwise have been forced to raise their children can now make amends for their past mistakes. Parents of such esteemed celebrities as Kevin Federline, Katie Holmes and Carrot Top have expressed an interest. “Life is precious,” said Mr Federline. “Seems needless to let our stupid kids go on wasting it.”

Band thinks MySpace gives them edge

Cuntpuncher

With The Ovaries and F-Tube
Tuesday, 5 December at 9pm
Huntingfield Trailer Park
BYOB

DON JUAN WRETCH
T&A full of hair

Technology's effect on the music industry has been extensive. From the Stone Age where stretched calf skins were utilized to make drums, to the mid-20th century where LPs were used to promote a bland, popularized white version of rock 'n' roll stolen from the more talented black musicians, technology has, indeed, been to music what the holy trinity is to the Catholics.

“On this album, I've got a song called ‘Pretty Black Woman’ so they can understand that I'm not degrading women just because we sing and talk about women with nice bodies.”

CHINGY
GIVING A SHITTY QUOTE

But the advent of a new medium, the Internet, has brought with it a promising new upstart: MySpace. This potential blockbuster in social networking is just finding its legs in the unfamiliar waters of musical promotion. But local indie-folk-proto-indie-punk-rock project Cuntpuncher isn't afraid to tread unfamiliar waters. In fact, they're pioneering the use of MySpace as a tool to create poorly designed



CANNED-POO RACK

TOUCH IT Not me, the flower lay. You want to lay me? Well introduce yourself first, motherfucker.

websites that showcase Cuntpuncher's mediocre talents fittingly. They were enthusiastic to talk about this venture, as well as their songwriting techniques and vision.

“Is this going to be a front-page story?” inquired Christine Utero, the band's keytarist and lead vocalist, speaking about the band's songwriting influences. “It's not? Okay, here, I'll pass the phone to our drummer.”

Utero, along with cellist Yo-Yo Bra and percussionist Ami Prego who handles the snare drum, cowbell, theremin and harp, collectively attempt musical expression in the Cuntpuncher project. Although the group has only played one show thus far, they hope that their new MySpace connections will help them secure more gigs.

“Cuntpuncher's goal is to use MySpace's social networking potential to get an edge on all the other bands who foolishly have yet to see the influence the Internet can have on music distribution,” Prego explains as she opens the Cuntpuncher MySpace page. “As you can see,

the site has so far provided us with 58 profile views, each of which a potential sadomasochist accidentally clicking on our site while searching for vaginal punching—and a potential fan.”

“See, right below the ad where you shoot monkeys in order to win a free iPod? We have a Flash player that blasts our only song at a ridiculous volume every time you load the page,” Prego continues. “It'll make people say, ‘Fuck,’ and hit the stop button for sure.”

To cap it all off, Prego reveals the comment board below the friend's list, which is heavily populated by a thought-provoking discourse on such topics as “Thanks for the Add!” “Great show last night, you kicked ass!” and “This begs the question: why do you rock soooooo hard?!!!”

“Yeah, combining our band's skills with this website, we expect a call from Capitol Records any day now,” Prego confides, as their song restarted again in the background. “Even a black hole of talent couldn't lose with a MySpace page.”